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What Does Uncle Sam Say?

By Zenas E. Black

THE elevator shuddered, slowed up and stopped at the fourteenth floor. My friend and I stepped out and walked down the hall of one of Chicago's great sky-scrapers. Just as we turned the corner a door, on which was lettered "LAW OFFICE," opened and a strong-faced, grey-mustached man started hurriedly toward the elevator shaft. In passing us he recognized my friend with a wave of the hand, a smile, and this:

"Great news we had this morning, wasn't it?"

"You bet!" my companion responded.

After we were ensconced in comfortable chairs in his office a few minutes later, he took his cigar from his mouth, viewed the smoke meditatively for a moment, then said:

"Did you get what that man meant just now?"

"I suppose he was speaking of the news that the German advance on Paris has been stopped," was my response.

"But you don't get the full weight of it. I never spoke a dozen words to him in my life. How should he know that I, a casual acquaintance, would consider it *good* news? This set me to thinking. He continued:

"Here's another angle. You took his pro-Ally statement as a matter of course. Yet he is a typical American citizen, and you're a Canadian down here making explorations in the American heart to see whether it is beating for the King or the Kaiser. Don't you see? *He* took it for granted that *I* was for the Allies just as *you* took it for granted that *he* would be for the Allies. *Do you get that?*"

I GOT it. I saw that what my friend was trying to tell me was that *every normal citizen of North America assumes that his neighbor is normal, and naturally, therefore, on the side of the Allies.* It was a big thought.

Then I set out to see if this premise, furnished by Mr. Average-American-Citizen-at-Random, was sound. I knew it applied at home. Would it hold true throughout the land of our neighbors, nationally declared "Neutral?"

After a comprehensive and conscientious investigation, taking it "by and large," as the writers put it, and laying one's hand flat on the map of the United States, I may truthfully say: "When England joined France and Russia in the war against Germany and Austria, the sentiment of the people of the United States went strongly for the Triple Entente, and that sentiment is becoming more pronounced every day that the war continues."

The Kaiser is unhappy over the position Uncle Sam has taken. The German press is frankly disgusted. Says the Berlin *Deutsche Tages Zeitung:* "It seems to be beneath our dignity to go on appearing before the United States in the attitude of one who thinks that he must justify himself. . . We ask ourselves what is the sense of it all, and whether there is not a point to which we, in our position, attacked on all sides, should regard it as a duty of self-esteem to adopt an attitude that if a people do not believe our words and deeds we will refrain from perpetual repetition of our words."

An American paragrapher, commenting on the above, was surprised that Germany had any "self-esteem" left.

BUT Germany continues to work with might and main that Uncle Sam may yet "see the light." Hardly a day passes that the editors of every influential newspaper and magazine in the United States are not besieged by Germans who would sway their opinions. Not long ago the German Government, influenced by reports of the anti-German attitude of the American press, sent a statesman of the first rank to present to America "the truth as it appears to German eyes."

A German professor, Dr. Ernst Daenell, in an article translated for the New York *Sun*, feels that "the heroic war Germany has been forced to wage will appeal strongly to the kindly instincts inherent in the American character, for in many ways the two countries are very much alike."

The American press, remembering Louvain, did not feel flattered by the comparison.

And don't forget this:—*The American press is the American people.*

My investigations throughout the United States to determine editorial sentiment have brought me to the conclusion that the Eastern and Southern parts of the United States are almost solidly pro-Ally; that the West contains a scattering of pro-German editors but is mainly pro-Ally or neutral; and that in the Central states, while there are more pro-Ally than pro-German papers, the majority of the publications are neutral.

One familiar with the United States will perceive that pro-German sympathy follows pretty closely the geographical distribution of the German-American population. The Central-West prairie states contain the bulk of Uncle Sam's ten million kraut-eating children. In one decade the "Fatherland" sent a million emigrants to the United States. But do not get the opinion that one person in every ten in this country is pro-German, because he is of Teutonic lineage. Just as it is here in Canada, only those who were born and educated in Germany are rabidly and unalterably anti-Ally—and not quite all of them.

The Boston *Transcript*, however, says that "Anyone who has traveled in the Central-West must have been struck by the less thorough and often baldly inadequate statement of the war's issues and causes, particularly by the newspapers in the smaller cities. Their readers have not demanded the elaborate discussion and full statement

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of all possible original sources which the East has craved. The East has done a great deal of thinking, and this accounts for the preponderant weight of sentiment against the German cause in our section."

The above would seem to be true in a measure, since Central-Western editors are rapidly deserting the ranks of the neutrals for the pro-Allies. Their readers have been aroused by the treatment of Belgium. They are writing letters to the "People's Column" of their favorite papers, and this work is bearing fruit. Rest assured that the newspapers of the United States never hold out strongly against the wishes of their constituents. The circulation department managers see to that.

A paper in Denver says: "We are all striving to live up to the President's neutrality proclamation." The word "striving" is well chosen. The natural sentiment of the unprejudiced American editor is to come out strongly and emphatically for the Allies' cause, and to refrain from this requires palpable effort.

In feeling the pulse of the American press, one should consider the *Saturday Evening Post* first of all. One person out of every ten reads it, and even here in Canada it has a circulation of perhaps 100,000. For a long time Samuel G. Blythe was the *Post's* leading humorist. Along came Irvin S. Cobb, and *Post* readers began to laugh in parts of their anatomy that Blythe had never discovered. When Blythe was commissioned to write war stuff he saw a chance to re-attract attention by such statements as: "Kitchener must supply an army that will be of sufficient consequence to give England her part of the spoils when the time comes for the peace settlement—that is, England must have her share of chips in the game if she would partake of the pot;" and that the war was caused by the "trade rivalry of Germany and Great Britain," and insinuating that one was just as bad as the other.

You know how kindly we took to those statements. One of our papers said: "It may be necessary for the *Post* to explain that Blythe, the writer who has offended Canadian readers, is a humorist. Then it would be necessary to prove it."

I found that many Americans did not like Mr. Blythe's war vaporizings. One well-known New York editor said to me; "If your readers in Canada would understand Blythe, let them turn to G. Bernard Shaw, of whom Mr. Blythe is a tenth, or perhaps a hundredth carbon copy. Such persons fill their proper niche in times of peace, I suppose, but when war's seriousness comes—let us pass on to the next paragraph!"

That the *Post*, editorially, does not endorse Blythe's *written* opinion may be gathered from this paragraph in the issue of October thirty-first: "That the Kaiser could have prevented this war if he had been whole-heartedly devoted to peace seems to us quite clear from the published diplomatic correspondence; but we have never stated that view to a citizen of German descent without being accused of English bias."

Then here is another of their editorials, under the caption, "THE WAR CULT": "Nietzsche wrote: 'You have been taught that a good cause justifies even war; but I teach that a good war justifies any cause.' To a world that is Christian in feeling—wherever theological speculation may lead its thought—that was an amusing paradox, which would have provoked a laugh if spoken by a character in a Shaw play; but Prussianism has produced a type of mind that takes it in deadly earnest. No doubt search of other contemporaneous literature would reveal some incidental and unrepresentative glorification of war for its own sake; but in contemporaneous Prussian literature such glorification has been expressed with much emphasis and the beastly notion that fighting is mankind's highest interest is essentially a Prussian militarist cult. To suppose that it broadly represents German thought is, of course, absurd; but the sanction this war cult has received in military circles there undoubtedly counted with many in determining American sympathies in the present war. *Our pantheon has no niche for Krupp.*"

The italics are mine. Don't you think that America's strongest weekly publication has voiced our sentiments, as well as its own? Doesn't this bear out what Mr. Average-American-Citizen-at-Random said?

"*Life*" shows its serious side in this editorial: "A man who returned a book by Nietzsche to the Public Library remarked as he passed it in: 'This doesn't get under my skin.' The remark applies to the efforts of the German apologists in this country. Some of these gentlemen have done better than others, but none of them has got under the American skin. . . . A good many of us think with sympathy of Germany's yearning for good colonial possessions, where Germans may develop as Germans and the German language will not have to yield to English, but while we sympathize with it, in a way, we are not ready to help break up and make over the various continents in order to further it. . . . No doubt we understand and like the English civilization better than the German because it is based in democracy and is more like our own. . . . Nobody seems able to endure German rule but Germans. They can stand the German method when they have to. Other people hate it, and even Germans, once they have escaped it, stay away."

One guess as to how this famous editor stands—Norman Hapgood of *Harper's Weekly*:—"This war will be won as much by the business soundness of Great Britain as by any other cause. . . . Why did the British Empire not fall to pieces, as Germany hoped, when the war broke out? *Because it was not based primarily on force.* The idea of individual liberty and local autonomy had been nourished throughout it as in no other great empire that ever existed. Canada and Australia are as free as the United States. Even in South Africa, close to German territory, related in blood and language to Germany, easily remembering a bitter war with England, apparently not many were found to rebel. . . . Bernhardi's motto is 'World power or downfall.' England's power was gained through long centuries of trade and exploration, and kept because, more at least than other empires, she stood not for domination but for self-government."

In the same issue Mr. Hapgood remarks: "Frederick the Great said 'Any war is a good war undertaken to increase the power of the state.' The world is now paying a bitter price to prove that Frederick and von Treitzsche and von Moltke were expressing a doctrine that must die. It was an even greater than von Moltke—Gustavus Adolphus—who said: 'The devil is very near at hand for those who are accountable to none but God for their actions.'"

Further down on the page these pithy paragraphs stand alone:

"*According to St. James:* Ye desire to have and cannot obtain; therefore ye fight and war and kill."

"*According to the Psalms:* God will scatter the peoples that delight in war."

Americans understood the sermon and its application from simply seeing the text.

But it is impossible to quote from all, or even from many of the leading magazines and newspapers. Suffice to say, America is now studying Germany, and the more she learns the less she likes her. From Plainview, Texas, to Portland, Maine, the press is dissecting Prussianism for its readers. But Americans don't do their thinking altogether vicariously. M. stands for Militarism. A number of librarians told me that their patrons kept the

M shelf empty. Usually Uncle Sam maintains regular office hours and his wife attends to her knitting. But now even the business visitor will be drawn into a discussion of war upon the slightest pretext, and at the women's clubs Germany is investigated instead of eugenics.

Imagine that you are in an American home, just as I have been. You will find things much the same as here in Canada: It is night. The cat has been put out and the children tucked in bed. Mr. Sam is reading a few last bits of editorial opinion to his wife before retiring: "This is a world struggle between the demon of force and the spirit of freedom, between a highly organized militaristic servitude and democracy, free speech, self-government, justice and human advancement. . . . In Germany nearly 700 books per year have been published dealing with war as a science. In England and the United States people read: Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God. But in Germany the soul and body of the nation have been drilled for offensive and defensive warfare to wipe out effete civilization and give the world the blessings of Germanic culture at the point of the sword and the mouth of the cannon."

"If that is a true statement of German sentiment, the German people deserve all they will get," declares Mr. Sam, rapping on the table with his pipe.

"It surely doesn't sound Christian-like," assents Mrs. Sam. "Let's hear what the Germans themselves say," continues the head of the house, and he picks up "Germany and the Next Great War," by Bernhardi (borrowed that day from the public library) and reads: "War is a biological necessity of the first importance, a regulative element in the life of mankind, which cannot be dispensed with, since without it unhealthy development will follow which excludes every advancement of the race and therefore all real civilization——"

"The very idea !" Mrs. Sam interpolates.

"The law of the strongest holds good everywhere. In all times the right of conquest by war has been admitted. It may be that a growing people cannot win colonies from uncivilized races, and yet the State wishes to retain the surplus population which the mother country can no longer feed. Then the only course left is to acquire the necessary territory by war. It is not the possessor but the victor who then has the right. Might is at once the supreme right, and the dispute as to what is right is decided by the arbitrament of war. War gives a biologically

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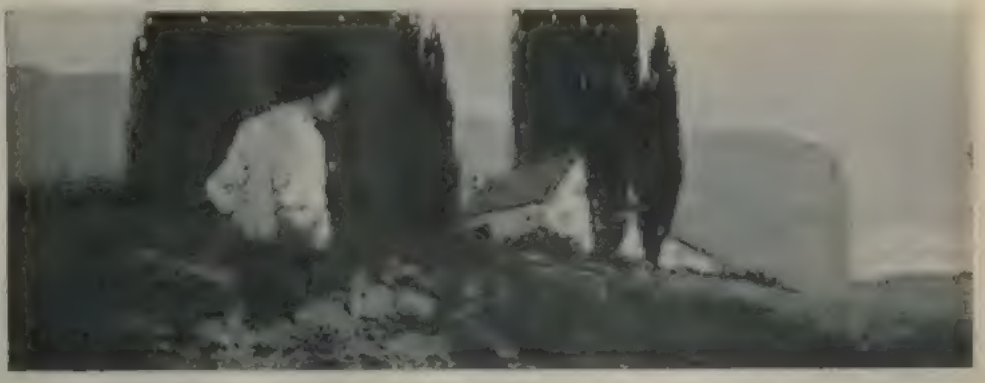
The LIVE COWARD



By WILL INGERSOLL

Drawings by Frederic M. Grant

DAWNEY (as Dawson Jenkins had dubbed himself in the epicene days when he wore skirts and curls, without foresight that the name would leech to him when he grew of an age to have a contempt for pet names and even when he grew past that age and began to fondle his upper lip anticipatively) had from his youth upward been a Napoleon of the prairie.

His paternal home was on a bald crown of hill tonsured of poplar woods, up the face of which the wormwood showed gray and the dandelions dawned yellow, like the little suns they were, out of the gloom of grass. That hill was a place for a Napoleon to be born upon and a Byron to sing about—for it was the Mount Everest of the whole knolly countryside. The heart beats lordliest on the loftiest hilltop.

For all that he was British-born and by lineage a United Empire Loyalist, Dawney's heart pained him unpatriotically when he read of Waterloo. He could not help the feeling that if he had been there, he would have fought for Napoleon, and that in that event and with that reenforcement, Napoleon would have won. It must however in justice be said that Dawney forgot wholly the fact that Britons must be defeated if Napoleon was to win. The Emperor's triumph was the single point he considered. It was not "Down with the British," but "Vive l'Empereur."

It was with a vast regret that Dawney, poring over his history in the lee of seasonable haystack or grain-stock, reflected that all the worlds had been conquered and irrevocably parcelled out to the various peoples (each of whom, it seemed, was ignobly content with the allotted portion) before he was born. He was not quite sure that he would like to have been contemporaneous with Hannibal; for in that event he would by now have been so long extinct that he would be nothing more than an ineffectual pinch of the amalgamated dust of ants and heroes. But he wished he had been born in time for a real war.

The South African War had caught him too young. Anyway, it had been only a skirmish. Kipling, the Jove of poets, had handed it nothing but gibes—and if any living man knew a war when he saw one, Kipling did.

Moreover, the Britain of Dawney's time was a Britain from which came the "dam' Englishmen" Dawney as a sturdy western Canadian of broad "a's" had learned to regard with curiosity and contempt. Surely these phenomena in leather gaiters and knee-breeches that flared at the hip, who did not know a plow from a harrow and who called the young of cattle "cawves" instead of "caavs" were not the same as those that had followed Drake to the Spanish Main or gone with Richard Lionheart to the Crusades. He could not imagine these fellows, who had to go up into the roofs of their mouths to find "a" and who could not say "r" at all, it appeared, ripping out the rude, strong archaisms of "The Talisman" or "Westward Ho !"

No, Dawney had been born too late. He had arrived at nineteen in a period of most annoying peace, a time suave and sapient, an era deplorably civilized.

War, glorious war, was fallen on evil times. Armaments were ornamental only, and military service but a tiresome form of physical culture. It was now more honorable far to be wealthy than to be brave. Even the Indians were coming around to this view. A sight that epitomized the age's decadence was that of old Sioux Ben, a mighty man of Sitting Bull's day, visiting the Oakburn schoolhouse in a battered Christy stiff, and advising the scholars to study hard in order that they might "make plenty money"; telling them fighting was "no good."

"You heard me right the first time," observed Dawney. "What's the use of a fellow going to this war and gettin' killed—or all crippled up?"

No good! This from him who had been Chief Ben Sun-Cloud, aforetime begirt and even kilted with scalps. Alas! his sun had set with Sitting Bull.

Dawney came of a fighting stock. His father had, at the time of the South African War, been too busy with his growing family and his adolescent mortgage to go with the Canadian contingent; but in his younger days he had reached out after the only thing handy that any way resembled war, and had gone to fight the half-breeds in '85: coming home with a stiff arm and a big white ligature around his forehead. Dawney had had no such opportunity; but all the same he had been a field-marshal at ten. There was a grove of several thousand stalwart young poplars down on one side of the road-allowance, and a horde of crooked Huns of willows facing it on the other side; and the times had been not few nor languid when Dawney, charging acrosss the sixty grassy feet with his teeth gritted and his hat set fiercely back, led his poplar Old Guard against those willows; without much effect however, until the day when Dawson Jenkins, Senior, happening along in the heat of the fight, had enquired casually: "Whyn't you take the axe to 'em, son, place o' hammerin' away with that stick. I want them willows moved anyway, so's I can plow there."

Armed with this authority and a scrub-axe (a deadly tool of aggression not mentioned in the Hague ordinances), Dawney during the next two weeks led his poplar Zouaves against the willow phalanxes with amazing success. At the end of that time, there was not a willow, even a straggler, left; and presently Jim Dover, the hired man, drove his ploughshare along that hill, effacing even their memory. "Never," in the words of the historian, "was a victory more complete or more decisive." The poplars (safe because they were in the field reserved for a pasture; this is confided to you aside), tall and calmly militant, maintained their position triumphantly but not in any way by power of awe; for even the scary calves that hoisted their tails and scampered at human approach, lay down without misgiving in the grass before this grove and endured without apprehension to have sun-patterns stippled on their hides by the points of light that fell through the leafy umbra. Nay, more; in that kind and tranquil boscage little birds were brooded and born, and in it the harried prairie chicken sought shelter and fortalice when the September hunters were abroad with license to do grousicide.

Partly because the army of the willows was subjugated and the position they had held amply guarded against insurrection of a few live roots undersoil by the energetic agrarian measures of Jim Dover; and partly because the onward march of maturity made this sylvan warfare take on an aspect of vanity in the eyes of Dawson Napoleon Jenkins: he resigned his commission, left the poplars to the blackbirds and woodpeckers, and only went to battle in dreams. The time had come now, too, when the exigencies of the ploughshare and pruning-hook claimed Dawney for fourteen hours of the day. The change from commanding an army to hauling boulders off the land in a stoneboat might have been intolerable, if summer had lasted all the year round.

All through seeding, summer-fallowing, haying and harvest, Dawney threw his expectation forward to the rare days of late October when he should dig up his history-books and renew acquaintance with Hannibal, Julius Caesar, Hereward-the-Wake, Richard Lionheart, Charles XII. and Napoleon. Then, besides, he had his Byron and his Kipling.

Each of the first six gentlemen deceased played their part in Dawney's development; and Byron helped him to see earth's conquerors in fine perspective. But it was really Kipling—and thereby hangs my Tale—who helped Dawney to his first true vision of War. And I might add that this happened in the spring of eventful 1914.

Kipling is, as everybody knows, a bit technical; and it was a difficult and stumbling journey for Dawney, an untravelled farm boy, when he essayed doughtily to traverse the "Seven Seas." It was not until March 29, 1914, that he mastered the book sufficiently to start "making pictures" in his mind as he read.

One is forced to be precise about the date; for it was on that day, a Sunday, that Dawney lighted upon a passage which changed utterly his thrilling abstract view of war. Dawney, always a thoughtful lad and as an only child thrown more upon his mental resources

than if he had had a brother or sister, had developed his imagination until he could visualize like a camera. Armed with this faculty, he suddenly encountered this passage:

"..'Ere's a beggar with a bullet through 'is spleen;
'E's a-chawin' up the ground an' he's kickin' all around...
For Gawd's sake get the water.."

Dawney closed the book: and immediately the picture was snapshotted in his mind. It was not that of a victorious general—a Napoleon on horseback at Eylau, sweeping a grand line of charging cuirassiers with eagle eye—a Ney, his dress "ragged with bullets", which apparently confined their damage to his clothes—a Horatius for whom an Astur obligingly waited while he leaned on Herminius to get his wind. No. The picture Dawney saw was that of a man, his face gray and writhen with agony and grimed with the dirt in which he had rolled and actually sunk his teeth in his terrible, maddening pain, while in the front of his tunic a spreading stain swiftly brightened from maroon to red. Dawney actually felt a kind of spasm in the corresponding region in his own body—so vividly did the scene appear to him. This was real war. The wars of which he had dreamed were pantomimic—or at least that was the only aspect of them that history, which treats of armies in the mass, had permitted him to see.

Once Dawney's father had shot a collie they owned, which had formed the habit of chasing and slaughtering the hens. He remembered that the dog had jumped at the click of the trigger, so that the charge of buckshot, although it went right through him, missed his heart by a little; and had then, during the brief period between the first and second shot, bitten and flung up the sod as he howled and rolled at the end of his chain. This helped Dawney, if any help was needed, to see still more accurately the vision of the stricken man of war.

The picture conjured up by the strong apt lines from "Gunga Din" never left Dawney, at least never beyond easy recall, all summer. He returned again gingerly to the book at odd times during the comparatively unhurried season of summer-fallowing, and found other passages, little puissant words freighted with images—notably one, mentioning how "the hugly bullets comes peckin' through the dust, an' no one wants to face 'em but every beggar must"—but none that for luminosity approached the grim stanza in "Gunga Din."

In the fierce light of that expert, even his comfortably prevalent Napoleon shrank behind a veil of blood and pain. Dawney's crystal of war was cracked worse than the Lady of Shalott's mirror. Little by little a change crept over him. The world peace beneath which he had fidgeted in the careless rapt days when he had stood adorant before the Baal of war grew by fair gradations to seem so halcyon, so utterly right; so founded, owned and directly overseen by the Lord of Hosts Himself. Dawney put his hand to the plough with a new zest, a new appreciation of the existing order of things; and in mid-July entered upon the year of his majority as a man gets out of bed on a serene Sunday morning with all discomposure and discontent walled up behind eight hours of healthy effacing sleep.

Assuredly, the things of the world go captiously. All through his tens and teens, while Dawney had yearned and chafed for war, the world had imperturbably continued to discourage and even make absurd the expectation of war, at least of a war in which an inveterate warrior could take an interest. But now—now when he had attained to a viewpoint where peace and war had wholly changed perspectives—when he had come to see War not as a triumphal march, a glorious martial pageant, a clash of nations afar off in which one grand leader, moving eminent against mighty odds, held him worshipful; but as a

"Nevertheless," said Herr Fritsen, turning back his cuffs from great hairy wrists starred with fencing scars, "you shall now fight me the British way"

man rolling and sweating in the death-agony with a bullet in his vitals—now and without preface or preparation, there came suddenly reverberant across great waters the din (it seemed to the reborn Dawney no harmony now) of a whole continent—the greatest too and sanest of all the contingents in mortal combat!

Historic wars! Why, even the Napoleonic struggle, with all the native exaggeration of man working over three generations in song and story to magnify it, shrank and dwindled into minority in face of this terrific War of Dawney's own cognizant day.

The war came in with August; and before the month had well begun, its gravest potentialities ripened into the actual, till even in Dawney's tranquil settlement had been borne the message of the Fiery Cross. Canada, to whose people long peace had made the term "war" almost an abstraction, was now with the rest of the Empire in "a state of war;" and the Man at Ottawa, a fire-breather even in the country's era of concord, had talked inflamingly of a contingent.

The farmer, especially the western farmer, is the least nomadic man beneath the sun. Whatever a man may have been before, he becomes, when he puts his hand to the plow in

all aspects a settler. Even the sailor, most chronic rover of all, forgets the sea and the white cities of his youthful far faring when he turns tiller of the soil; the west is full of old salts turned hayseed and bond forever by their own choice and liking to the furrow and the wain. It is perhaps a consistent and natural ordinance that the farmer is your truest home-maker.

The world of the boy born on a farm is hence circumscribed by the pastoral hills, the wheatfields and the hay-meadows; and the edge of his earth is rarely at utmost a half-day's pony-ride from his own roof-tree. Most farm-boys are satisfied, too, to let the "away" remain unexplored and unkenned even, except through the rude unserviceable channel of hearsay. These marry and build their own homes almost within hail of the parental door. They are deaf to all alien influences—all but one.

That one is the Voice of War!

Dawney had a friend and side-kicker named Bob Halliday, with whom he had followed the various vocations that are the milestones of the farm-boy's life. Together they had gone to the Oakburn school (though perhaps not both with the same spirit; for Bob, instead of being a student like Dawney, was more interested in learning to smoke than in attaining proficiency in the three R's, and his satchel and shining morning face followed his chum very grudgingly to the Oakburn academy); together they had herded cattle and snared gophers on the summer hills; and synchronously reached the era of gee-haw and the stubble plow.

Bob was just an average, every-day boy, good-humored, freckled and blunt and now petting a little new-born flaxen mustache. He had no trait in common with the philosophic Dawney, but merely chummed with him because the Halliday and Jenkins families were next neighbors. Dawney liked Bob for company because he was "used to him" and could bounce ideas

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Doing a Daniel

IF YOU WANT TO GET YOUR MIND OFF THE WAR, READ THIS STORY OF "ESTELLE," THE FEROCIOUS LION, AND WHAT HE DID TO THE SECOND "DANIEL"

By Porter Emerson Browne

Illustrated by D. V. Dwiggins

OVER in one corner of the little cafe a careless and cursory orchestra was painfully maltreating the latest specimen of melodious petit larceny that had found the fleeting favor of the public. "Estelle, My Prairie Belle," it was, and as its stereotyped strains filtered through the thick smoke of the room, the property man, seated across from me, gazed in sad, wan pensiveness into his beer and, with the final chord that signified that the orchestra had at last done its worst, he gave vent to a deep, deep sigh and murmured in abstracted pathos, "Estelle! Estelle!" and then relapsed into another staring interval.

I, wisely, forbore to interrupt him; and at length he came to himself, and to me.

"Oh," he said, with a little start. "I guess I must have been thinking, wasn't I?"

I nodded.

"You had all the symptoms," I returned.

"Ain't it funny," he began; then, in abrupt transition: "That tune always sets me thinking of an Estelle I knowed once. And when I gets to thinking that way, I goes philandering off into the mazes of mem'ry until I don't know where I'm at * * * I never told you about Estelle, did I?"

I shook my head, and pretended only a perfunctory interest in the sad tale of blighted love that I felt sure was to come. Some people, you know, will tell you things only when they think you don't care much about hearing them and the property man was that kind.

"Well," he said, at length, reminiscently, "it was this way. In eighteen ninety-seven I was out with 'The Queen of the Harem' company. That was a great show. It was about a English girl who gets kidnapped by a Turk and put in his harem. She has a sweetheart, and he climbs over the wall in the second act to rescue her.

"The guy that owns the harem catches him there, and he says to his slaves (coons they was that we would pick up in every town that we played), he says, 'Seize him!' and the coons grabs the leading man and ties him hand and foot while the leading lady looks on, weeping and wailing and wringing her hands and telling the coons out of the side of her face that was turned away from the audience to be careful not to walk on her train or she'd tell the manager and they'd lose their jobs.

"In the next act, for revenge, the Turk guy puts the leading man into a lion's den and ties the leading woman with a log chain where she can get a good view while the lion eats up her lover. But just as the lion's about to make good, the leading woman busts her chain and runs into the den and charms the lion with her gaze long enough to untie the leading man. Then they both beat it while the lion's coming out of the Trilby that she has put him into—a hot situation, eh?"

I nodded. "Very," I agreed.

"Well," went on the property man, "we is booked to open in Hoboken. The manager has bought a ex-circus lion for the big scene; and of course he is in my charge.

"They come driving him over from New York in a cage which is loaded onto a truck. They makes almighty good time, too, for the horses can smell him (and I don't wonder!), and it stimulates them to such an extent that they tries seven times to get off the ferry boat between docks; and when finally they do get ashore, they yank the wheels off from three cabs and a mail wagon and come up to the theayter like they was pulling Steamer Ten to a general alarm fire. Tame animals is always afraid of wild ones that way. I knowed a leopard trainer to go out one evening without changing his clothes and hire a cab against the wind. And then, when the breeze

changed so the horse could smell him—well, they was chunks of that cab all the way from Forty-second Street to the Battery, and then some. But that ain't got nothing to do with Estelle.

"When they gets in front of the theatyer, they sends in for me and I go out, not unperturbed in mind, for it ain't no joke to go chaperoning a lion around the country. But when I get my lamps focussed on the pore animal who's laying back in one corner of his cage looking tired and discouraged and car-sick, I don't feel no other emotion but pity.

"He sure ain't no beauty to look at. In the beast deck, he's more like a dooce than a king. He's got one bum eye and he's kind of moth-eaten, and faded around the edges, and his whiskers looks like they'd been trimmed by an Eyetalian barber who's in a hurry to get away to a street festival. He is certainly a pitiful-looking object.

"We gets him stored in one corner of the stage and I goes out to buy him a slab of cow and some dog biscuit.

"When I shoves this provender in through the the bars of his cage, he doesn't do what I naturally expects, come charging down onto it with his mouth full of growls and a wild light in his windows. Instead, he merely lays where he is, casting a peevish and disappointed gaze upon the sirloin and crackers. Then, when he sees that I am watching him, he bats his eye up at me, grateful and appreciative, and opens his mouth as apologetically as you please, and I see the reason for his peculiar conduct, which is that he ain't got a tooth in his head. His jaws is as bare of ornament as an unpaid-for cemetery site. So I exchanges the carnivora banquet for a couple of gallons of milk and half a dozen loaves of bread.

"The lion takes this juvenile repast like he was a kitten, waggling his tail gentle as you please and purring like one of them rivetting machines they uses on skyscrapers. And every once in a while, he blinks up at me in grateful thanks. Then, when at last he's

"I SEE HIS JAWS ARE AS BARE AS AN UNPAID-FOR CEMETERY LOT"

"CHARMS THE LION WITH HER GAZE LONG ENOUGH TO UNTIE THE LEADING MAN. THEN THEY BEAT IT. . . HOT SITUATION, EH?"

absorbed his feed, he comes over to the side of his cage and smiles at me his deep appreciation for what I have did for him and then goes over to the corner of the cage, turns around three or four times and lays down; and, resting his head between his paws, he goes off into a snooze that makes the drops quiver.

"Byme-bye, about seven o'clock, the members of the company shows up. Of course the first thing they does is to beat it over to the lion's cage. And there they stands, sizing up his nobs, who is sleeping as peaceful as a hobo on a park bench who knows the cop on the beat is in a saloon.

"'Ain't she a beauty!' says the leading lady, whose knowledge of zoology seems to be somewhat sooperficial. 'What is her name?'

"'I don't know,' I says. 'The guys that brought her over here calls her a lot of things; but none don't seem to be exactly what you might term a congomen.'

"'Then,' says the leading lady, excitedly, 'I shall name her after myself. She shall be called Estelle; and I shall buy her a gold collar!'

"'A set of false teeth would be a fair more useful present,' I says. But I am interrupted by a chorus of enthusiastic but bashful ladies, all of who thinks her own name is the best and wants to name the lion after herself. I've always found that ladies are very careless students of natooral history.

"They're having a row which would wake up anything but that lion when the manager comes in. He is kind of soft on the leading lady. So when she promulgates her decision to name the lion Estelle, he sees a chance to make himself solid without it costing him a cent; so he merely grins and announces that hereafter the lion is named Estelle. And that settles it. He's Estelle.

"Now the big scene comes in the third act. Just before the curtain rings up, it's my job to take Estelle out of his cage and tie him to a mountain, stage left.

"When they was signing the company, they had seventeen property men refuse the job on account of the lion-taming specialty that went with it. But I had been doing the Dead March up and down Broadway all summer and just as that juncture I would have agreed to be *valet de shamber* to a whole African jungle if there was a chance to eat went with the job. So I signs.

"You can make up your mind I'm on the point of giving up the job several or more times before the show gets going. But I decides to wait long enough at least to see what kind of a quadruped they stacks me up against.

"Estelle's friendly attitood encourages me a lot; but still all my doubts ain't dispelled by a long way for, notwithstanding her grateful attentions after I feeds her, I'm not so sure that when I goes into the cage she won't suddenly remember that, even if her teeth are *non compos mentis*, her hooks are still good, and want to practice a little vivisection work on my shrinking form. Wild animals, you know, have a grace of bearing and a gentleness of manner when they are caged up alone that they sometimes forgets when in human society.

"All through the first and second acts that night, my pedal extremities is getting more and more chilled; and when the curtain finally rings down on

the last scene of the second, they're so cold that I could have put 'em in a tub of hot alcohol and froze it solid. My knees wabbles like I has the ague and I keeps lapping my lips with my tongue and then wondering why I done it; for it's like wiping a gravel roof with a doormat.

"I watches them Hoboken scene slammers putting up the mountain and has almost decided to beat it when the manager comes waltzing over to where I'm giving an imitation of the unfortunate herowine freezing to death on the church steps at midnight in 'Turned Adrift; or, Out in the Cold, Cold, World.'

" 'Aw, what's the matter with you ?' says the manager, sourcastically. 'Have you got locomotive ataxia, or are you only shaking yourself for the drinks ? Get Estelle out of his cage and hitch him to that ringbolt on the mountain. And get a move on. See ?'

"I tries to answer; but the words get lost in the gravel in my elementary canal, and nothing comes out.

" 'Do a Daniel,' says the manager. 'Do a Daniel. What's the matter, anyhow ? You ain't afraid, are you ? Why, he wouldn't bite a cream puff. But if you're scared, I'll send home for my three-year-old niece to come and do it. Hell ! Did I hire a man or a blooming old woman ? Huh ?'

"Now no guy can stand being talked to like that. So I bristled myself up, shut my eyes and wabbled into the cage with my hair standing up like a German diplomat's.

"But there wasn't no call at all to be afraid. Just like the manager said, Estelle was the height of compatibility. A mustard plaster was cold and distant compared to him. And without no trouble at all, except that he jumps up on me and tries to kiss me, I takes him out and hitches him to the mountain.

"The curtain goes up showing a panorama of burning sand embellished with potted palms and the mountain which Estelle is tied to. And in another minute, the coons comes on, dragging the leading man.

"Of course, nobody but me and the manager has yet mixed up with Estelle socially, and for all the rest may know, he's the concentrated squintessence of unadulterated savagery. So you can bet them coons ties up the leading man like they'd worked all their lives at the bundle counter, and then ducks off the stage like the theayter was afire; which, of course, adds verisimilitood to the scene and don't encourage the leading man none too much.

"That guy last-named languishes about three foot beyond the reach of Estelle's chain in a harassed condition of mind that's pitiful to see; for, as I've said, he ain't acquainted with Estelle none at all and he don't know what her homicidal tendencies may be.

"Estelle, after gazing in disappointed and lonely surprise after the disappearing coons, sees the leading man and perks up quite some. He purrs a little and rubs himself sociably against the mountain and then starts to go across to where that hysterical guy is tethered.

"The leading man forgets his bonds and gets ready to take a flying start for the wings. With his eyes bugged out so you could have knocked 'em off with a stick and his hair standing up all over his head like the needles on the peevish porcupine, as the feller says, he waits until Estelle is within eighteen inches of him. Then, so sudden that in comparison to him a streak of lightning would appear slow and sedentary, he gives a yell and starts off for the wings in such a hurry that he knocks the leading woman, who's just coming on to rescue him, off into the bass drum, and disappears from view.

"WOULD RESCUE HER LOVER BEFORE ESTELLE COULD BECOME SOCIABLE"

"The curtain's rung down, and the manager goes out onto the apron of the stage and tells the audience, which is all trying to get out of the theayter at once, that there ain't no danger—that the savage brute has been subdued and put back into his cage and so on and so forth until there ain't nobody left in the house to talk to, and next afternoon we opens in Paterson.

"Knowing Estelle's social propensities, we are somewhat doubtful next day when we raises the curtain on the third act. But, being as we've managed to give the leading man full and unqualified confidence in Estelle's pacific intentions and unbounded amiability, we're hoping for the best.

"And so it was that when the coons had dragged the leading man on, and had departed like a bunch of two-year-olds in a steeplechase, leaving the leading man to tie his own hands and feet, he done so unmoved. And when Estelle went sociably toward him, he didn't try to break no sprinting records, but just lay there, gritting his teeth and trying to appear dignified and courageous.

"But would you believe it, before the leading woman had a chance to get on the stage and save the leading man, Estelle has laid down comfortably along-side that languishing guy and went to sleep ! And all through that thrilling saving scene he don't wake up at all, but just lays there and snores so that when the herowine yells, 'Sweetheart, you are safe at last !' you can't hear her at all. He don't wake up until after the curtain is down and the audience is yelling itself sick. And then I has to go out and prod him six or eight times with a scimiter before he'll come to.

"Things continues to go wrong until we reaches Pittsubrg. But then we finds out how to handle the scene; and after that the show goes great. The way we'd work it was to bore holes in the stage and guys would stand underneath with ong poles and prod Estelle whenever he'd try to lay down. And the leading lady, by working fast, could rescue her lover before Estelle had a chance to get sociable.

"Then they'd give the quickest kind of curtain.

"During the next six weeks I got to be very fond of Estelle, and he got to be very fond of me, too. You know how you'll grow to love a good, faithful, affectionate dorg that's big, and slow, and poky, and that is perfectly and soopremely happy when he can put his head on your knee and have you rub his nose.

"Well, that's just how it was with me and Estelle.

"And we kept on getting more that way every day. In fact, byme-bye Estelle gets so attached to me that he just can't abide to have me leave him at all. He'll cry and mope and whine and beller every time I go away from him, and take on so he'll scare the whole community into fits; and after they had to send for me fifteen or twenty times to come down to the theayter at three o'clock in the mornning and comfort him, I decided the best thing to do was to sleep there. I saved a lot of money in lodgins by it, too.

Continued on page 186.

Rescuing Mary

WHEREIN THE PROBATION OFFICER, THE INSPECTOR, THE SCRIBE AND PHARISEE, TWO POLICEMEN, ET AL, FETCH THE WOMAN FROM MACEDONIA AWAY FROM THE TENDER MERCIES OF PETER—AND THEN LEARN MORE ABOUT HUMAN NATURE

By Eleanor M. Sanderson

Illustrated by P. C. Sheppard

IT WAS in a Macedonian restaurant, first floor up, that we rescued Mary, and there were five of us in the rescue party. There was the Probation Officer, Irish and twinkling, with a very warm and sometimes stern interest in everyone's affairs; the Inspector, big and Scotch as the Ten Commandments, and personally appointed to enforce them, with heartbreaks of sympathy at the back of his eyes because he had to; two modest plainclothes policemen, who always backed out the door when the Probation Officer discussed the things for which Marys were arrested or rescued, and the Scribe and Pharisee who went to get a "story" for the moral uplift of the community and felt as comfortable as a man arrested for tripping a cripple.

The front entrance of the Macedonian restaurant was at the back, and you were inside before you saw the entrance at all. Though the plainclothes men went round another street to arrive earlier and avoid the appearance of a surprise party, all the boxes of porches on the lane which ran as a tributary from the dusty stream of King Street, were ornamented with a row of heads protruding in a line suggestive of guillotine victims. Heads with curl-papers, sleepy-eyed, black-moustached heads with queer-shaped pipes in their mouths, corn-colored heads with mud streaks down their small cheeks and skull-like heads with outlines softened by mud-colored shawls, all nodded and swayed and remarked on the fact that trouble had come to Peter and the English woman.

Mary kept the garbage boxes under the foot of the stairs because they were less likely to be stepped in there in the dark, and there were no lights. They were quite full and in the four by six-foot space of rotting boards around them played two fat dumplings of girls, one of seven and the other five. They had English faces with red and white cheeks, and the seven-year-old told us that her name was "Vi'let," which matched her eyes. They were Mary's family. They stood back and watched

PETER REALIZED HE WAS A FELON—BUT WHAT ABOUT MARY'S CHILDREN?

with round eyes as the strange people climbed the narrow rough wood ladder that shot abruptly from the cubby-hole to the rooms above.

"Come this way first, and see a Macedonian boardinghouse," invited one of the plainclothes men, walking cheerfully into a room full of smoke and unrighteous odors. The door, which had been partly closed, was swung wide open and in a bare-floored room around a bare table sat seven men and boys. It was four in the afternoon, and the sun took pleasure in pointing out scornfully all the dust, the broken teapot and the glasses filled with sugarless, milkless tea, the rough, soiled clothing and collarless shirts of the men, their unshaven, seamed faces and blackened finger-nails, the rags of underclothing littered about or hanging from nails on the walls, the red iron of the rusted little stove and all the harsh discordances of uncared-for men in poverty. Four of them had been playing with a torn pack of cards stained with tea and tobacco, but they dropped their cards and stared at the visitors. The younger men twisted uneasily in their chairs and one grinned apologetically because of some criticism he seemed to feel in the heavy air, or to glimpse in the strangers' eyes.

"What's that you're drinking?" asked the officer.

"Tea," responded an elder man, shoving the glass before him over to the edge of the table with a stubby hand, from which one finger was missing.

"Huh! Maybe it is," was the reply, as the plainclothes man turned to go. "That's the way they live here. Is this a fit place for an English girl? Now, is it?"

Without going into the front room, from which voices proclaimed the fact that the rescue of Mary was in process, the top flat was then explored. More rough wooden steps led as abruptly to it, and under these steps were piled the nine mattresses, on which slept each night as many of the black-eyed stranger-within-our-gates as could layer themselves between wall and wall. At night these mattresses were dragged from under the stairs and spread out in the hallways, the kitchen, and up on the bare spaces of the top story. Two rooms on the top, one with seven and the other with five camp beds in it, completed the "restaurant." The officer waved an appealing hand around, repeating:

"Now, IS it any place for an English girl? I ask you?"

We stumped down the wooden stairs in the darkness and returned to Mary. The door of the room in which the men played cards was closed and the man with the maimed hand stood in front of it listening to the voices in the front room. Vi'let toiled up the stairs fol-

lowed by her small sister. At the top the man patted her on the head and spoke in thick, foreign words until he noticed that the officer was frowning at him. He dropped his hand, started to grin uncomfortably, changed his mind and frowned, then turned and walked clumsily down the stairs and out to the street. Vi'let smoothed down her pretty blue dress, very new and one of the seventy-five cent ready-made children's garments turned from the factories until the pattern wears out. The baby's dress was just a smaller size of it and in green, but they were clean and toned with the pink and white little faces. They were part of the rescue story.

A soft sound came from behind the door of the front room, and when Vi'let pushed it open we saw that it was Mary sobbing. Mary is twenty-three, with big brown eyes like a lost water-spaniel; a red mouth making an inch-wide slit in a white face, and no chin to speak of. If she had been in a classic instead of a Macedonian restaurant, we could have said she was just as high as Peter's heart, but the Police Inspector stood between them, so we couldn't measure accurately.

"How soon can you get packed?" the Inspector was asking.

"Well, not before to-night," ventured Mary, picking Vi'let's stockings from one chair and aimlessly putting them on another. "The baby's asleep and I don't want to wake her." A slight mound in the white cover of a crib was the baby, just a year old.

"See here!" said the Inspector, slowly and emphatically, "this lady (the Probation Officer) will wait for you, and you've got just an hour. There'll be a wagon come for you and your stuff then. We've got a nice room for you, and you can put your girls in the Creche in the daytime. They've got work for you and they've paid your room rent in advance."

"They" meant a church institution.

No enthusiasm was displayed by Mary, Peter or Vi'let, and the pink wee girl who had stolen in went over to play with the window curtain, draping it as a veil over her rosy face.

"Will she keep her children by her?" dared Peter, from the background.

Peter is a giant with a face like a Raphael cherub who had grown up, taken to the restaurant business, a Christy hat and a huge black moustache. He is child-like; doesn't want to hurt anything and is a Socialist. But Peter hadn't married Mary. He couldn't, because Mary is already married to a Briton person who ran away when the last baby appeared. Since then Mary has worked and kept herself and the babies in the straight and narrow path. Then some of the debris from the collapse of the 1914 business world blocked that path.

Nothing Canadian needed her, but a Macedonian named Peter, with brown eyes much like her own, needed a waitress at four dollars a week with meals. Mary took it. That was the beginning. The middle was the room papered fresh with nursery paper showing little girls and boys rolling hoops and picking flowers; a sewing machine, small white iron cots for the children; a black silk dress with a girdle for Mary; dresses for the children—and the end was the visit of the Inspector.

Now Peter stood rubbing a big finger up and down on the window ledge, realizing that he was a felon—and worrying about Mary's children.

"Don't you worry about the children," returned the Inspector, sternly. "We'll take care of them better than you ever could. This isn't any place for little girls like these to be growing up, with those foreigners loafing round here all day."

"She can take the sewing machine," mildly replied Peter.

"No, she can't!" thundered the officer. "She can't take anything belonging to you. Except the trunk, that is," he added, realizing that Mary had moved from her last lodgings by means of a cotton sheet tied cornerwise.

Mary, who had looked up, turned to her packing again with a child-like sniffle. Her hands groped clumsily, taking out things she had just put in, and streaking her hair back from her wet eyes. Four of us, as became righteous law-abiders, watched her from the door. Suddenly she straightened her thin back and looked at us with eyes that said, "Can't some one of you understand?" but her voice said in a crumbly tone:

"I'm so excited like that I can't seem to get things in right." Her lips commenced to move in the direction of a shadow smile.

"Excited!" snorted the law, who was much tried himself, "I should think you'd have been more excited over coming here than ever going. You should be glad to go. Aren't you ashamed?"

Mary collapsed over the trunk like a small field flower when the stem is broken. She crushed away the baby dresses and clothing in Peter's trunk in silence, punctuated with sobs.

Excitement in the lane was intense. A wagon was waiting out on the street and its driver, being paid by the hour, sat comfortably smoking on a water hydrant. The hasp of the trunk was at last snapped; the children's sailor tams put on, the baby rolled in a shawl and Mary lastly pinned on her own new black turban with a stick-up like the Crown Prince's Regiment. She looked back at Peter through the glass as she pinned it in shape. That was their good-bye.

The procession then filed down the stairs, the Probation Officer leading the way with Vi'let cheerfully clinging to her hand and a man with a trunk on his back bringing up the rear.

"Now, I want you to understand,"

Continued on page 188.

"WHAT'S THAT YOU'RE DRINKING?" ASKED THE OFFICER. "TEA," SAID THE MAN WITH THE MISSING FINGER

Folk-Songs of the Ukrainians

WITH BROTHERS FIGHTING FOR RUSSIA. ALSO FOR AUSTRIA. WHAT IS THE ATTITUDE OF CANADA'S TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND UKRAINIANS? HERE IS AN INTIMATE STUDY OF THE HOME LIFE OF THE PICTURESQUE PEOPLES WHO HAVE COME OVER TO CANADA IN SEARCH OF PEACE

By Florence Randal Livesay

Illustrated from Photographs

UKRAINIANS IN NATIONAL DRESS

EUROPE in miniature is mirrored in certain districts of Winnipeg, but the average city dweller never goes Abroad; and thereby he misses a new and great interest in life. A social worker told me that he was getting the most liberal education in European history and manners that one could imagine, because he stood on the thresholds of doors that were at last unbarred to him. Many of his new acquaintances, however, would never when introduced give him their correct address—he was referred to another, and sometimes even passed on to a third before it was considered "safe" to let him know such a seemingly unimportant thing. But they knew what they knew.

With thirty million Ruthenians fighting for Russia and three million under Austria's Eagles what can be the attitude of the 200,000 Ukrainians who are in Canada? Brother is fighting against brother in the old land—fighting for what? Those men who have come to Canada are content. If there were hope for the re-establishment of the Ukraine in Austria and Russia they would fight and gladly for the land that once was theirs. There is a chance that Russia will give the Ukrainians something of the freedom and autonomy she is promising the Poles—there is not much chance of anything else. Austria's Ukrainians must die for a forlorn hope

As for the attitude of the women it is for the most part one of apathy and dull waiting for news of relatives. A Bukovinian girl said to me when she saw the Canadian soldiers going to the front: "Why do they go? How stupid, when they don't have to!"

But my Ukrainian servant was an enthusiastic Canadian. "Sure they should fight!" she made sturdy reply. "It's not all of us that have a good country like Canada to fight for; we earn good money here; we're free; when the war is over I think I'll send for the rest of us."

This bright girl has a grandmother still living who is one hundred and three. "She is ready to die, yes, and wants to go. But sometimes she will brighten up wonderfully and tell of things that happened when she was a young married woman. The Polish land-owners then could do as they liked with the common people. Twelve days in the year a policeman would come to the door and say 'You must work to-day for your landlord. If you have children between eight and fifteen you must take them too. Provide your own meals—and see that you don't shirk your work.' If they did, they got a taste of the overseer's whip. Not a cent was paid them for their labor; now they get seventy-five cents a day. My mother and father cannot read. Fifty years ago there were three churches in our village, but not a school. Then the young men went to other places and saw what it meant to read and they came back and made the priest give us schools. In Austria we have our own language; in the Russian Ukraine they would not let us have it," the girl explained.

The picture of the Ukrainian girl illustrating this article is that of a very attractive and intelligent-looking young woman. She is dressed in the erstwhile national costume. She may have come from Austrian Galicia or Bukovina, or from the Russian Ukraine but she is Ukrainian, if given her proper name

She has probably been acting in one of the plays put on by a Ruthenian Dramatic Society, and has taken from her chest the costume she used to wear. In certain districts in the North-western part of Winnipeg one can see regular display boards of photographic studios in front of an occasional wooden house and these places, usually run by Ruthenians, assisted perhaps by a Jew, do a very good business. Thither almost every newly-wedded pair be take themselves immediately after the ceremony and the photograph of the Polish bride in her white silk gown trimmed with "meert"—the myrtle garland—is framed in a glass cabinet fronting the street, for all the world to see

One cardinal rule must be observed by the would-be successful photograper, working in those districts Every part of the subject's body must appear. Both feet must show, for

instance, the supposition being that if the foot is not in the photograph it either does not exist or is deformed.

"The Ukrainians are the best soldiers of the Russian and Austrian empires. The household guards and guard regiments in Russia are almost entirely recruited from the Ukraine."

So says the pamphlet issued by the Ukraine Committee of London, England, which sets forth facts that should be known concerning "the forgotten kingdom of Ukraine." For Canadians this brave people, with its heritage of tears and its struggle against oppression, should have especial interest at this juncture, when, like Poland, it is probable the submerged nation will secure many concessions from Russia. Thirty million are fighting for that country, three million for Austria, and meantime, though brother is pitted against brother, the hopes of both centre in the beloved word "Ukraine."

As their national anthem runs.

"Ukraine, Ukraine, thou livest still,
Freedom, existence, liberty,
All these, all these shall come with thee!"

The Ukraine lies partly in Russian, partly in Austrian territory, from the Carpathians to the Caucasus. In Russia it is officially called Malorussia, or Little Russia; in Austria since the message of the aged Emperor in 1912, it is officially recognized as Ukraine. The Austrian Ukraine is partly in Galicia, partly in Bukovina, partly in Hungary. The word Ukraine has been used in the English language since the seventeenth century. For hundreds of years it was an independent Kingdom, then a Republic. Its people speak a language as utterly different from the Russian as, say French from Portuguese, and not a dialect of the Russian, as alleged sometimes; their life, habits, appearance are altogether personal, and exclusive of Russian ways, they being almost pure Slavs, while the Russians are Finno-Slavs, with no small amount of Mongol blood. The Ukrainian folklore is recognized as richer.

We see these Ukrainians in Winnipeg daily, the bright handkerchief or veil of the women slowly but surely being replaced by the equally gaily-flowered straw hats of the departmental store. These women and girls we call "foreigners"—and let it go at that. Even yet a Westerner will carelessly class them all as "Galatians," mixing Scripture and geography in frank disregard. Sometimes they come into our homes as char-women or servants. And then we may perhaps realize what a world is shut away from us every day of our lives by our own stupid narrowness. But what a chance it is whether our ears ever receive the "Ephatha" which gives us access to it!

The small amount I have learned about the foreign element in Winnipeg, their songs and outlook on life, came to me through a child's nursery jingle. I played "Ring-a-rosy" for my little girl's benefit, and Petronella, a Polish-German girl, cried out, "All the same German: 'Green is the grass, O little horses!' ".

This is my version of her translation:—

On The Steppes

Translated from the Ukrainian

By Florence Randal Livesay

On the steppes two fir-trees old
Their shrunken trunks uphold.
And there stands a third between
Splendid in its towering green.
A young Cossàck lies sick on the road;
A young Cossàck lies low.

Spent he lies, and he fears that Death
Waits beside for his last-drawn breath.
"O my brothers, pray you run
To let my mother know
To let my mother know!
Let her come where the frontier lies
To bury the Cossàck
To bury the Cossack—"

"O son of mine," she wailing cries,
"Lo, ever thus the sinner dies!
Thy stubborn heart that would not bend!
Such is thine end, such is thine end!"
"—And my grave, O Mother dear,
With stones thou'lt heap it high,
With stones thou'lt heap it high.

"Plant at my head red cranberries
Scarlet against the sky,
Scarlet against the sky.
Upon the branches hang
A crimson flag aflame,
A crimson flag aflame.
To show how soldiers die:
Ukraine shall know my fame,
Ukraine shall know my fame!"

[redacted]

Ruthenians of Western [redacted] who is well acquainted with [redacted] beautiful [redacted] of the Slav [redacted] very kindly told me some [redacted] Ruthenian songs and [redacted] national poet Iavas Shevchento [redacted] village has its own songs which may be unknown to its neighbors [redacted] "therefore you will realize that [redacted] about one-twentieth of the folk literature is published, even in Ruthenian. You may be quite sure in translating anything [redacted] English verse it will be new to your readers and possibly also to us. Mrs. [redacted] Voynich, the well-known English writer, has translated some of Shevchento's poems into English verse but much of his finest work is not included in her collection. He put the folk-song into lyric form as Chopin adapted the melodies of the people both illuminating them with their own art."

M. Petneshench himself is a folk-song collector, a man of wide literary attainments; but he smiled over his words when he said that it was not advisable to study or publish folk-lore in Austria or Russia. "One may have too much leisure to write poetry in a prison cell! All songs must be submitted to the Censor and until we learnt wisdom we sent him our originals which were promptly confiscated. Now we keep copies, but we do not publish much, except in Galicia. The people make their own songs and they sing them to one another—caged or not, the birds must sing."

They sing in Winnipeg, but they are apt to disdain their own melodies, to learn instead our pitiful rag-time. Halka, erstwhile of Bukovina, came to see me in a fawn suit of the latest cut, with ultra-fashionable hat which her clever fingers had fashioned out of a rough shape and some cheap flowers. She had been eight years in Winnipeg, and spoke very good English.

"Sure, I'll tell you some songs," she said "if I don't get all muddled up. I don't know much except love songs, though, maybe you don't want those?"

Long afterward I drew from pretty Halka—who was a great belle—her own love-song, which she had composed and sung to the suitor who persisted in unwelcome attentions. Naive as it is, one can see in it the passion of the Ukrainian or Border-Caud dweller to translate emotion into verse and music; essentially a dramatic people they stage themselves unabashed, and make epics and sagas of life in a new country. This was her song, then, as her own life made her sing.

"In a garden a big, red poppy grows—
A fellow used to love me—he'd a very big nose;
But I did not want him, and I told him so'
'My face' I said 'is white, white as the snow,
Black as the soot seems your face to me—
What then shall happen if these things be?
Dark is my hair, and my cheeks are white
If I married you I would look a sight!'"

Apparently this "plain-singing" had its effect, since the afflicted one besieged her no more.

She told me that it was quite customary for Ruthenians in Canada to write their experiences in the new land in song form and get them published in Austria. Apparently these would not make good immigration literature. One poet sang of his first Easter Sunday in Winnipeg—of the bright city with its streets "fixed so nice;" of himself with no money and no food, sleeping in a ditch. "You see" she said in explanation, "when they first come they don't know the language and the ways and it makes them cranky.' It's kind of worse at first, and they feel like writing about it."

I wanted to tell her that we had a

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On the Waiting List

By B. R. W. Deacon

Illustrated by C. O. Longabaugh

AT the Old Brewery Mission, in Montreal, you may dine for a dime—five English pennies. It is not a sumptuous repast, but filling, forsooth. Or, if you happen to lack the pennies, you may breakfast, lunch or dine at least once at the Old Brewery without visiting the cashier's wicket. Incidentally you will be given a chance to earn the pennies for your next meal.

Half a dozen who had breakfasted were gathered in the waiting-room of the Old Brewery, on the day before New Years, presumably awaiting this chance. Three sat in moody silence upon a bench along the wall. They were dressed in shabby clothes of ancient vintage. Little trifles in their attire—the way the coarse scarfs were tied about their throats, the dilapidated [illegible] jersey—spoke of the sea. A tall man in very rough tweeds stood beside the window and scowled at the large, feathery snowflakes which were tumbling softly to oblivion in the mud and slush of the street. At the opposite side of the window, his feet perched high on the radiator rail which protected the glass, sat an anaemic-looking young man in a faded blue serge suit, several sizes too small. An exceedingly ferocious-looking tattooed eagle on his wrist

"'E WAS A DECENT HARTIZAN OVER 'OME, AN'"

appeared to be volplaning toward his fingers, bearing the Stars and Stripes, also tattooed, in its beak.

A long silence was broken by the tall man in tweeds.

"Gor-blawsted country!" he growled, addressing the window-pane.

"It sure ain't as good as Gawd's country, which is them U-nited States, but I guess it ain't so awful different, at that," commented the tattooed man.

"Aw, shut yer 'ed!" tersely suggested one of the trio on the bench.

The tall man in tweeds made no comment. He continued to stare gloomily at the falling snow.

The door leading from the office opened and a wiry little man with close-cropped, iron-grey hair popped into the room. His clothing was travel-stained and dilapidated — the kind of stain and dilapidation resultant upon travel over the trucks of a freight car.

"'Ullo, mates!" he called cheerily and impartially to the other occupants of the room.

"Hello, frien'!" said the tattooed man

"'Ullo!" echoed one of the seafaring trio gruffly. A second merely grunted; the third remained silent. The tall man in tweeds continued to stare out of the window

The newcomer gazed about him with evident curiosity.

"Fu'st time yuh was here?" queried the tattooed man.

"Yus," replied the wiry little man. "Great hinstitushun, I calls it!"

"Get any eats?" asked the tattooed man.

"Henny heats?" repeated the little man slowly and inquiringly, emphasizing a couple of superfluous h's.

"Eats! breakfas'!" explained the tattooed man.

"Breakfus'!" exclaimed the wiry little man enthusiastically. "Not 'arlf! Liver'n'bacon! 'Ole 'eaps of it! An' corfee! An' no bloomin' charge! Great hinstitushun, I calls it!"

"Ugh!" protested the tall man through the window to the falling snow. "Liver'n'bacon! Bloomin' fine! There's precious little bacon, there is! Liver! Ugh! Me wot used t' 'ave me beef an' me chops at 'ome!"

The wiry little man looked as though he was quite prepared to argue in support of the liver and bacon, but the tattooed man cut in—

"Jus' come ovah, Bo?"

"Wot, me?" said the little man. "I've been 'ere 'most two weeks, I 'ave. Jus' come up from 'Alifax. It's a bit stiff 'angin' on to them there fr'ight cars. Got a bit chummy with one of th' brakesmen chaps hafter I lef' Querbec, though, an' 'e let me sit in 'is car part of the w'y. 'Ere's a bit of luck right hoff at th' start, Jim,' I says ter meself. An' in Mon'real 'ere, a bloke 'e gives me a bloomin' tram ticket an' tells me to come hup 'ere. An' when I tol' 'em 'ere I was broke, w'y, they gives me me breakfus'—liver'n'bacon, an' corfee—an' they're agoin' to get me a jorb. This Canader, hit ain't 'arlf bad, I says — not 'arlf!"

He dragged a chair out from the wall and, placing it before the window, joined the man in tweeds in his occupation of watching the slowly-falling flakes.

"Wot 'as me beat," he volunteered after a pause, "is this — where's hall th' snaow? When I furs' makes up my min' to come hout to Canader, I says—"

The tall man in tweeds turned about at this point and the little man forgot to finish his recital.

"Well, Lor!" he exclaimed. "I'll be blowed if it hain't ol' Bill Jipson! 'Oo'd hever think t' see yer 'ere, Bill! Lemme shaike yer flipper," he concluded, shooting out his hand.

The tall man put forth his "flipper" and shook hands without enthusiasm.

"Well, of hall things!" repeated the little man. "'Oo'd hever 'ave thought it? An' me thinkin' you was hout in Manitober!"

"Naw, I hain't," stated the tall man briefly and conclusively.

"Hain't mide yer bloomin' fort'ne in Canader then, 'ave yer?" inquired the little man.

"Blime! Fort'ne!" growled the other. "Gor-blawsted country! I was a hidgit to come hout 'ere. Yer a hidgit too! You wouldn't 'ave to 'ang on to fr'ight trines over 'ome, would jer?"

A young man stuck his head out of the office door.

"Two men to clean sidewalks," he announced.

The trio on the bench looked from one to another for a minute. None spoke, but some sort of telepathic balloting seemed to be in progress. Two arose and shuffled into the office.

"See yer t'night," said one over his shoulder as he disappeared.

"Awrigh'," muttered the one who remained.

The wiry little man watched the proceeding with very evident interest.

"They've got jorbs," he commented. "Got jorbs a'ready!"

"Aw, cleanin sidewalks," said the tall man disgustedly. "Them sailors 'll do hennythink."

"An, Sammy Biggs," said the little man reflectively after a short pause, "Hever see Sammy Biggs out 'ere? 'E come out pretty near five year ago. They s'y 'e's mide 'is fort'ne 'ere."

"An' well 'e might!" declared the tall man with much disgust. "Savin' an' scrimpin' th' w'y 'e done! Washin' dishes, 'e was at furs'—washin' dirty dishes in a little tuppenny-'appenny cafey. 'E didn't care wot 'e did, Biggs didn't! 'E was halways asavin' up 'is money. An' then 'e bought th' plice; then 'e bought another plice, larger. An' now 'e's so bloomin proud 'e won't speak to no one, 'e won't. I hain't good enough fer 'im, I hain't! W'y I remembers when 'e was jus' washing' dishes. 'E was a decent hartisan over 'ome, an' 'im washin' dishes!"

"'Ow is it yer in 'ere, Bill?" asked the little man solicitously. "Hain't yer got no jorb?"

"'Ow can I 'ave a jorb when heverv one is down on me?" responded the other querulously. I'm a mechanic, I ham! I hain't no bloomin' dishwasher!"

"Gee! I wisht I had some reg'lar trade," remarked the tattooed man. "I'd dig out after some steady job, an' buy me some glad rags."

"Rags?" puzzled the little man.

"Sure! Some rags—swell clothes," explained the tattooed man.

"'Ow can a man get a jorb at 'is tride when heveryone's down on 'im?" continued the tall man. "I'm a good hartisan, I ham, an' I hain't agoin' to work fer nuthin'. They won't give me no good jorb, they won't—jus' because I'm Hinglish."

"Man to beat carpets," shouted the young man from the office, appearing again.

"Carpets!" said the tattooed man with the air of a connoisseur of jobs. "Nix on th' carpets fer mine!"

"'Ere!" exclaimed the man on the bench. He jumped up and followed the young man into the office.

"An' ol' Peter Simmons," mused the little man. "'E sent hover to 'is missus two year ago. You remember Simmons, 'im as used to tell us th' funny tiles at th' pub? Hever 'ear of 'im out 'ere?"

Hever 'ear of Simmons. We was an' us two 'ere together 'ere's missus come. We was great friends once," stated the tall man. "I got no shine, 'is Simmons. Wy, I was laborin' on th' r'ilroad with a lot o' bloomin' Hitalians after 'e left us. 'E couldn't get no jorb at 'is trade in this blawsted country, so wot 'e do? 'E goes has a laborer on a r'ilroad, in, as 'e a good, tid

"Workin' on th' railroad now asked the little man.

"Not 'arlf, 'e ain't," declared the tall man. "Some blokes 'as all the luck," he continued thoughtfully. "Started farmin' out west, 'e did. Hownsa'g farm out in Manitober now."

"Window-washing job," announced the man from the office. "One man wanted to wash windows."

"Me fer th' windys," said the tattooed man. He disappeared into the office.

"Washin' bloomin' windows!" muttered the tall man. "Gor-blawsted country!"

"I cawn't hunderstan' some of these 'ere hupstarts," he protested after a lengthy pause. There was Joe Smith. Came hover on a cattle boat we did. 'E was a 'od shot, started hover 'ere amassin' mortar. An' a bit since I met 'im drivin' 'is hown motor. I wouldn't lend me a cent—not a bloomin' red! Wy don't you go to work?' 'e says to me. 'Ow can hennybody go to work,' I says, 'when heverybody's down on 'im?'"

"Lady wants a man to beat rugs," came the announcement from the office door.

The little man watched his tall companion for a moment.

"I s'pose it's your turn," he suggested.

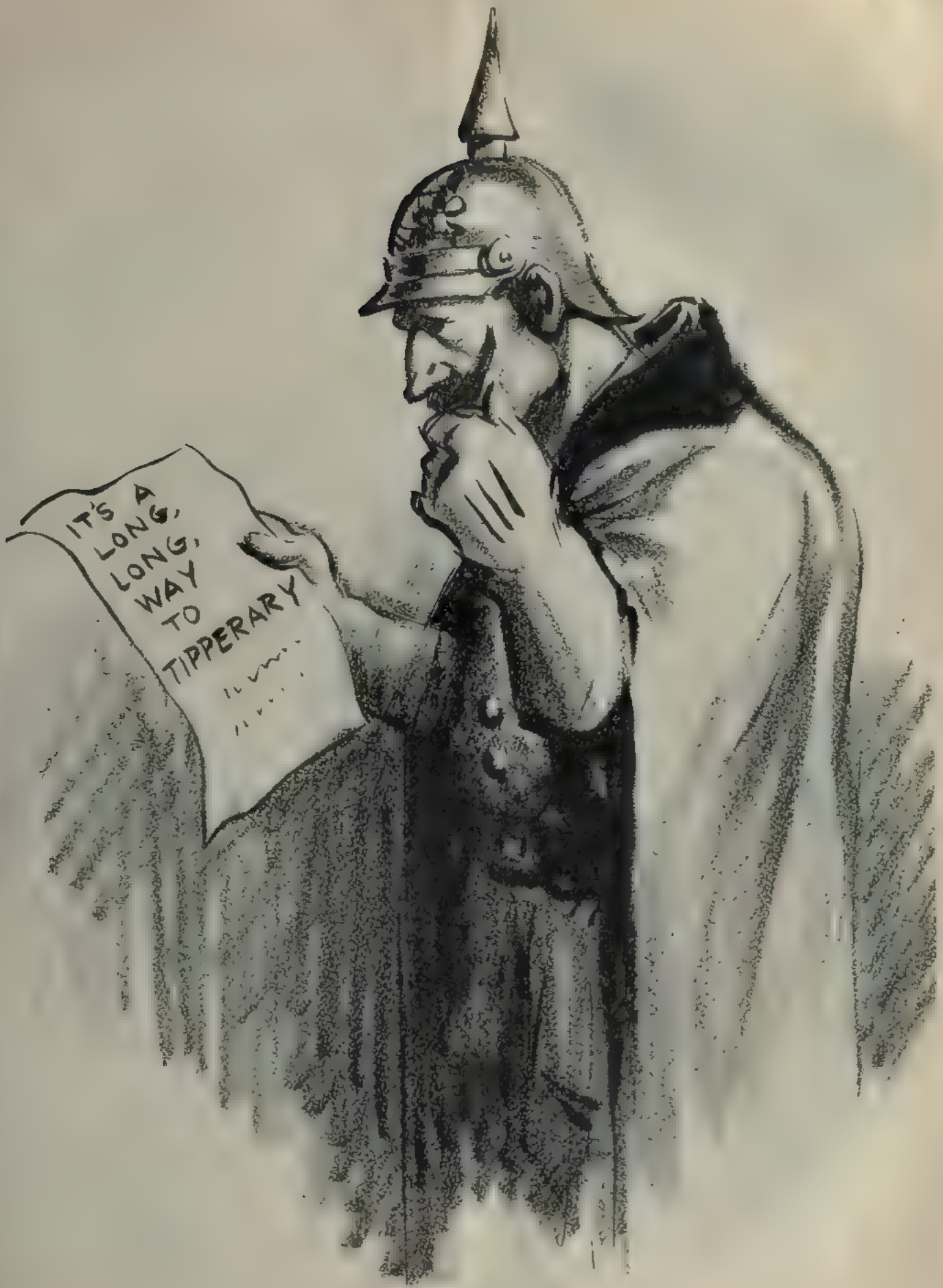
"Rugs!" exclaimed the tall man wrathfully. "Beatin' rugs! I'm a decent hartisan, I am—"

"'Ere," said the little man, and he started for the office.

The tall man watched him disappear. "Hidgit!" he muttered.

He gazed sorrowfully out of the window for a few moments at the procession of hurrying, happy New Years shoppers; then silently he moved toward the door.

"Gor-blawsted country!" he confided to the falling snow as he slipped out into the street.



"QUITE RIGHT, SO IT IS!"

The Mystery of the Jade Earring

By Henry Kitchell Webster

Author of "The Butterfly." "The Whispering Man." etc.

Illustrated by Percy Edward Anderson

SYNOPSIS

Jeffrey, a successful artist, undertakes to paint for the queer, [illegible] Miss Meredith" portrait of [illegible] from a photograph. [illegible] gets on his nerves, and he goes abroad suddenly, without ever having seen Miss Meredith, but only her [illegible] and dissects Dr. Crow.

The story opens [illegible] where [illegible] friend Drew, who tells the tale at home with Madeline and [illegible], discussing a mysterious murder. Odell [illegible], the murdered girl, is singularly beautiful woman with [illegible] hair. [illegible] was found frozen in solid [illegible] clad in [illegible] with [illegible] through the heart. Next [illegible] Drew and when he [illegible] of the [illegible] important [illegible] But [illegible] fancy [illegible] man with [illegible] the frame of [illegible] confesses, but swears that he never [illegible] not the painting. On [illegible] return to [illegible] Jeffrey said, [illegible] the picture over the [illegible], but this [illegible] put it. Jeffrey [illegible] Paris [illegible] of which [illegible] with [illegible] and [illegible], in [illegible] surprise to [illegible] [illegible] careless [illegible] Jeffrey [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] an unfinished portrait of [illegible] girl with [illegible] wet, [illegible] Next morning the [illegible] Jeffrey [illegible] notices a woman [illegible] Later [illegible] Jeffrey [illegible] the Meredith [illegible] Jeffrey [illegible] [illegible] Jeffrey [illegible] Jeffrey [illegible] that Jeffrey has [illegible] in Paris a year after [illegible] Meredith died. Was it the ghost, or was Dr. Crow actually [illegible]

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

"I'm afraid the unconscious memory theory won't work," said I. "That's a pity, too, because I suppose it would have been a comfort to Miss Meredith."

He turned on his smile again, rose, buttoned his overcoat, and shook hands with me. "I'm just as much obliged to you, anyway. And we'll fall back on your theory; that the ways of genius are past finding out. What if he did paint a portrait of a face he'd never seen, and improve on the only record of it we've given him? After all, that's no more mysterious than writing 'Hamlet.'"

"Do you suppose Shakespeare believed in ghosts?" I asked.

He looked at me steadily for a moment, in thoughtful silence. "Everybody believes in ghosts," he said. "Everybody!"

He stood near the door, his walking-stick tucked under his arm while he drew on his gloves. But when he had finished and had laid his hand on the knob, he stopped short as if he had just remembered something.

"There's something else Miss Meredith wanted me to ask about," he said. "I nearly forgot it."

"Yes?" said I inquiringly.

"I wonder if I mayn't have a look at the portrait? I can explain what I mean better that way."

"I'm afraid not," I told him. "I don't know where it is. Jeffrey said something about some trouble he had had with the frame. I don't know whether the canvas is in the studio or not; but I don't like to rummage."

"Of course not," he assented cordially. "It's a very trifling matter, really. The pose of the face shows one ear, and that is in deep shadow. But in the portrait, just below the ear, there is a streak of bluish-green light. Miss Meredith couldn't account for it, and she has been wondering about it ever since. It looks as if it were meant for an earring—a jade earring, perhaps. But there was nothing like that in the photograph."

"Of course," said I, "nobody could answer a question like that except Jeffrey himself. But I doubt if there's any mystery about it. He probably put it there on the spur of the moment because it helped his harmony or his composition, or some other of the tricks of his trade. But I'll ask him, if you like. He has your address, of course. He can drop you a line when he comes in and tell you all about it."

The doctor began unbuttoning his coat and fumbling with his gloved hand in one of his inner pockets. "I wish you would ask him," he said. "But when it comes to letting me know, I wish you'd take charge of that yourself. I never knew a genius who was a reliable letter-writer."

He had got out his pocketbook by now, and was fishing for a card. Presently he got one and held it out to me.

"Is it too much to ask?" he concluded. "Just a line telling what Jeffrey says about his reason for putting that little green streak into the picture on his canvas. There's my address. If you undertake it for me I shall be sure of hearing."

"I'll be very glad to," said I.

"Good-by, then; and thank you." The next moment he was gone.

I stood in my tracks, staring at the door he had closed behind him. I hoped Jeffrey wouldn't come in for a while. There was so much to think about, and I wanted my thoughts in order before I tried to tell them to him.

After a while my eyes fell to the rug where Dr. Crow had stood while he was fishing for the card with his address upon it. They caught the shine of something, half buried in the deep nap of the rug. My hands were trembling when I stooped to pick it up. It was a long, pendant earring of polished jade!

CHAPTER VI.

BELIEVING IN GHOSTS.

But even as I stood there, staring dully at the thing that lay in the palm

of my hand, and glowed dully back at at me, with the impenetrable look of mystery jade always has, the door from the reception-room opened from behind me. I put the hand with the earring in my trouser-pocket, turned, and faced Jeffrey.

"Did you meet Crow?" I asked. "He's just this minute gone."

He shook his head. "I heard you talking in here as I came by the door, so I waited. He made you quite a visit. Had he anything to say?"

"Oh, he wanted to see the portrait," said I. "He said Miss Meredith was waiting for it with a mixture of anxiety and dread."

"She'll probably have it in a few days," said Jeffrey. "Richards seems to have no doubt about recovering it He thinks he knows where it is."

"Where does he think it is?" I asked.

Jeffrey shook his head. "He didn't tell me. He asked me a few questions and jumped to a theory of his own. I couldn't follow him. It's the first time anything like that ever happened to me. To be outguessed by a policeman! I'm losing my wits, I suppose. Of course, I didn't ask him."

He walked moodily across to his Morris-chair and dropped into it with an air of utter lassitude and fatigue.

I hated to begin asking him questions. Poor Jeffrey! If the inextricable tangle of coincidence, in which we were involved already, terrified and bewildered him, what would his condition be when he heard the rest—when I told him the whole story of my conversation with Dr. Crow, and when I showed him the thing I had just put in my pocket? The thing had to be done, however.

"Jeffrey," said I, "Miss Meredith and the doctor were terribly puzzled by that portrait."

"Puzzled?"

I nodded. "Jeffrey, it's more like the original than the photograph was."

I expected his eyes to widen at that, and his body to grow tense. Instead, he answered indifferently enough:

"What of it? It ought to be more like."

"You mean, I suppose, that any really great artist sees beneath the surface of things—depicts an inner truth that

"Inner truth be blowed!" interrupted Jeffrey. "It's surfaces I'm talking about. A photograph of anything but a flat object is never by any possibility correct. You can photograph an etching or the page out of a book, or a set of working-drawings, with absolute accuracy, but never anything in the round. There is only one plane in a photograph that is in true focus. Everything that comes nearer than that plane is too big. Everything behind that plane is too small. Any competent draftsman can correct a photograph, and any competent portrait-painter can paint from a photograph a portrait that is more like than the photograph itself."

His manner nettled me a little; all the more because it was so rare with him. Of course, he had some excuse for being irritable to-day, and I might have remembered that any sort of culturene talk about Art, with a big A, always made him impatient. But he had made it easier than I had expected, to speak about the earring

"All right," said I. "We'll let the inner truth be blowed as far as you like and get down to facts. Did you do anything beside correcting the drawing in the photograph?"

"Beside?"

"Did you paint anything in it that wasn't there? Did you make up anything and slap it in, just to make the picture look better—or harmonize—or compose better—or, well, for any other reason, Jeffrey?"

He was looking at me keenly enough now.

"What do you mean?" he asked. "What are you talking about?"

"Dr. Crow," said I, "expressed some curiosity about a light-bluish green streak in the shadow under the ear. He wondered if it had been meant to represent an earring—say a jade earring!"

Jeffrey straightened up now, and his eyes were blazing. "Did he ask that question himself? Just that way?" he demanded.

"Just that way, Jeffrey." His excitement had infected me now, and my question asked itself jerkily "Jef-

ALL THE POWER OF HIS MIND

frey, was there a jade earring in the other portrait—the one you found in your studio when you came back from Etaples ?"

He didn't answer for a full minute. And all the while his unseeing eyes never left my face. All the power of his mind was concentrated in the struggle to reproduce and perfect a memory.

"No," he said at last. "It wasn't in the portrait. But I can tell you where it was, Drew. It was in the ear of the girl who stood beside me on the bridge that night at Paris."

"What did it look like ?" I asked breathlessly.

Once more he took his time about answering. His eyelids narrowed to slits, and the contracted pupils were no bigger than pin-points.

"There was a tiny ring which pierced the lobe of the ear," he said, "and below that, a small perfect sphere of jade; below that was a long, rounded, tapering pendant. It's as clear to me as if I had it in my hand."

"Like this ?" I asked, and I took my hand out of my pocket. There in my palm lay the thing he had described.

The moment I uncovered it I regretted having sprung this last mine in so theatrical a fashion. Had I not been as excited as he I shouldn't have done it. Because I really feared that the shock of this last—could I call it a coincidence ?—might do him a serious injury. My own brain was reeling with the weird, incredible extravagance of it, and to me the whole thing came at second-hand. What would it be to him who had felt the unknown, undiscoverable presence in his Paris studio; who had found the portrait painted there; who had seen the photograph of the same face, and had learned that it was the face of a girl who was dead a whole year before that ghostly portrait had been painted ?

I stood there for a minute, not daring to look at him, fearing that there might break any moment on my ears a burst of maniacal laughter. But, utterly to my astonishment, what I did hear was a long, deep breath of the most intense relief.

"Thank the Lord !" said Jeffrey.

He took the earring from my hand, carried it over to the light, and subjected it to a minute, careful scrutiny. I noticed that he was rubbing a finger over its smooth, cool surface as if the actual material feeling of it were an intense satisfaction to him. Then he tucked it into his pocket, pulled himself up on a high painting-stool, and hooked his heels into the rungs. He was a new man again. Rather, he was the old man—the man he had been before he went to Paris and had never been since

He gave his head a rueful shake. "I've had a scare, Drew. The worst I ever had in my life. I didn't even dare tell you how bad it was. That will have to be my apology for the way I treated you this morning. Now that it's over, I'll try to make amends. Let's go to lunch. Richards won't be here for an hour or two."

Then, for the first time, he seemed to notice the astonishment that had held me speechless, but that I am sure must have shown in my face.

"What's the matter with you ?" he asked. "Don't you understand ?"

"I can understand the scare all right," said I. "But why you should say it is over now, is beyond me. I was almost afraid to show you that earring. I was afraid it might—finish you. It pretty near finished me."

He smiled at me—his old amused, irrepressible smile.

"Man," said I, "the girl was dead, and you saw her. One might have explained the portrait, but it wasn't in the portrait that you saw the earring. It was in the ear of the girl herself. And she was dead. And yet you described the earring in the most minute detail."

"Oh, come along to lunch." said Jeffrey. "I'm hungry as a hod-carrier when they blow the whistle. I'll tell you all about it across the corner of a square meal."

And no persuasion of mine could get another word out of him until we were fairly seated in a near-by restaurant and had sent away the waiter with an order that did ample justice to Jeffrey's boast about his appetite.

"By the way," said Jeffrey, "you haven't told me where you got that earring ?"

"No," said I, rather sulkily. "As long as you have solved the mystery so easily without that information, I don't see why you should want it."

Jeffrey smiled again and reached over and patted me on the arm.

There is some sort of magic in Jeffrey's touch. In this case it wiped away my resentment as a sponge wipes the writing off a slate.

"Crow left it," said I.

"Left it ! Crow ?"

"Oh, quite involuntarily. He had his gloves on and he was fishing in his card-case for a card with his address on it."

"I had his address," said Jeffrey.

"His confidence in you as a letter-writer is very limited," said I, "and he said he really wanted an explanation of that green streak in the shadow under the ear. He relied on me to get it for him. The earring must have been in his card-case, and when he fished out his card he dropped it. That's a very soft, thick rug, and it didn't make any noise."

"Crow," said Jeffrey thoughtfully. "Crow. I wonder if he will turn out to be the beginning ? I wonder if the first step in our mystery lies his way ?"

"The first step !" I cried. "Then you haven't solved it."

"Solved it ?" cried Jeffrey. "I haven't tried to solve it—haven't begun to solve it."

"But," I protested, "up there in the studio you said you had had a bad scare, but it was over."

"Yes," said Jeffrey. "The scare was over and the mystery begun. Can't you see what a relief it is to know that it is a mystery ? What do you suppose it was that I was afraid of ? That I had seen a ghost ?"

"Why, something like that," said I.

"I am perfectly willing to see a ghost," said Jeffrey, "if I can be convinced that it is a ghost—an outside ghost—somebody else's ghost as well as mine. The thing that terrified me was that I couldn't prove, even to myself, that it was anything more than a kink in my own mind—a bone of hallucinations and obsessions in my own producing the sort of things that make the alienists rich.

"But now I know that what I saw on the bridge that night in Paris was either a live woman or an honest ghost. I'm going to find out which it was. Whichever it was that earring Crow was so curious about lets me out. No two people ever have exactly the same mania, and he is not likely to be curious about the thing that wore the earring as I am."

"He or Miss Meredith," said I.

"Yes, he or the mysterious Miss Meredith," Jeffrey assented. "For the present, we'll consider them one person, and that one person Dr. Crow. Now let us try to figure out Crow's position. This is going to be logic, which is your department, so you will have to correct me if I go wrong."

"Crow gets me to paint a portrait. We don't know why he came to me. I didn't want to paint it, and he insisted. The question is, had he any reason for insisting, beyond the fact that his client was rich, and that I was fashionable ? We have no means of answering that question yet. I didn't tell him where my studio was the last time I spent a winter in Paris, but he might have found it out from some one else."

"And if he knew," I cried, "he might have thought that in that particular place you might see something." He might have wanted to try the experiment."

"Exactly," said Jeffrey. "But we can't build upon that yet. That's got to stay in the question-column. Anyhow, I paint the portrait, and the portrait shows some data which were not contained in the photograph he gave me."

He looked up at me thoughtfully. "What did he begin on ?" he asked.

"Did he begin with the earring?"

"No," said I. "He began by trying to find out if you couldn't have met the girl if you hadn't been in Paris during the time she was there."

"During the time she lived there," Jeffrey corrected.

I nodded.

"You satisfied him that that was impossible?" he asked.

"Completely," said I. "It was as perfect an alibi as you ever saw."

"And then?" Jeffrey went on.

"He asked," said I, "if you hadn't been to Paris two years ago."

"After the girl had died," he commented.

"I pointed that out to him," said I.

"But, still, I thought he held his breath while he waited for my answer."

"So, that he evidently thought it possible," said Jeffrey, "that I might have seen her after she was—dead. I wonder if Dr. Crow believes in ghosts?"

"He said he did," said I.

"What?"

"He said that everybody did. That would include him, I suppose."

"Your logic is flawless," said Jeffrey. "But how did he come to make that observation?"

"It was quite casual," said I. "I happened to say I wondered if Shakespeare believed in them."

"Casually?"

"Oh, yes. He said something about 'Hamlet' that put it in my head. I suppose the subject never was very far out."

"I wish I had seen him," said Jeffrey.

"Why do you make so important a matter of it?" I asked.

Jeffrey looked at me with a rueful little frown that had half a smile in it.

"Because, my dear Drew," said he, "if Dr. Crow doesn't believe in ghosts, then he has got some reason for doubting that Claire Meredith is really dead. He suspects I saw something. If he is perfectly sure it couldn't have been a ghost I saw, then he must know that it is possible that what I saw was the living woman."

There was a moment's silence. Then Jeffrey brought his hand down suddenly, but softly, on the table.

"And then the earrings," he whispered. "Crow has the earrings—or he had till he dropped one of them this morning. If it wasn't a ghost I saw on the bridge, she had the earrings then. If Crow doesn't believe in ghosts, then he has seen the living woman since I did."

"How do you make that out?" I asked.

"Why, you idiot," he cried, "how else did he get them from her? He has them now; she had them then, unless she was dead then and buried and it was a ghost that I saw. We'd have taken a long step in our mystery if we could be sure whether Dr. Crow believed in ghosts or not."

CHAPTER VII.

THE FACE UNDER THE PAINT.

I WENT back with Jeffrey to the studio after lunch, although I was uneasily conscious that my office-chair was yawning for me. Jeffrey's affairs are always so much more interesting than my own that there isn't as much generosity and self-sacrifice as he credits me with in my ready devotion.

We found Richards, the police lieutenant, waiting for us.

"I'm sorry to have kept you," said Jeffrey, "but I found I needed a square meal."

"Oh, I didn't mind waiting," Richards assured him. "But you missed a caller."

"A caller?" said Jeffrey.

He and I exchanged a glance. "Crow?" I whispered under my breath.

"He didn't leave his name," said Richards. "He's the rug-man."

"Oh," said Jeffrey, indifferently. "Did he wait long?"

"No," said the lieutenant. "He examined the rug rather carefully and said he'd let you know about it in the morning."

"Which rug was it?" I asked.

"The one over there by the door. That was the right one, wasn't it?"

The lietutenant asked the last question of Jeffrey.

"Oh, yes," said Jeffrey. "He knew which one it was, right enough. Do you remember what he looked like?"

"Why," said the lieutenant, "he was a pretty tall, good-looking, dark—"

"Oh, you needn't describe him," Jeffrey interrupted. "Just remember him. You may meet him again."

The lieutenant laughed. "What? Is he one of your—what do you call them—latent criminals?"

"I don't know," said Jeffrey. "But it will do you no harm to remember what he looked like."

We ensconced Richards in the large chair and provided him with a big cigar.

Jeffrey went over to his paint-table and began an elaborate pretense of setting it to rights.

"Well," he asked, "any luck with my little affair? Are you going to be able to get that portrait back for me?"

The lieutenant unctuously licked the wrapper of his cigar and favored it with the caressing gaze of a connoisseur before he answered. He was in very good humor with himself.

"I have got it," he said.

"Already?" I cried.

"The lieutenant had the right guess this morning," said Jeffrey. "I suspected as much."

"But you couldn't figure out what the guess was," said Richards.

Then he turned to me. "I don't mind admitting, Mr. Drew, that this young fellow has pulled some long shots in the crime-detecting business that the front office has never been able to understand. You saw one of them yourself, and they tell me you wrote a book about it. But when it comes right down to cases, an old professional thief-catcher like me has got a few tricks of his own. Mr. Jeffrey here might have worked his game, whatever it is—I don't pretend to understand it—for five years and he wouldn't have found it. But he came to me and I put my hand on it in fifteen minutes.

"Oh, you will see for yourself," he went on, for both of us showed the surprise we felt at his announcement. "They'll bring it up in the wagon. It'll be here any time now. But the next time, Mr. Drew, that you write a detective story, you might give the police a little credit.

"It was near eleven o'clock when Mr. Jeffrey made his complaint." He pulled out a big gold watch in a hunting-case and looked at it impressively. "His picture'll be back here before two. That's three hours. Mr. Jeffrey never worked any quicker than that himself. And, as I told you, he wouldn't have got it back himself in five years."

"Oh, come," said Jeffrey, "there aren't as many fences as that in town. I shouldn't have known the right one to go to first, but I know something about them. Besides, I could probably have advertised a reward and got it eventually."

"You could have advertised," said the lieutenant, "until you were black in the face, and you could have gone to every fence in New York City, if you knew where they were, which you don't, and at that you would never have found it."

"All right," said Jeffrey. "You've got me. I'd like to know how you did it."

"Well," said Richards, "you've made me ask that question a good many times, and turn about is fair play. This is the way I figured it out: To begin with, pictures don't get stolen. Frames do sometimes, and if there's a picture in the frame, it may go along too. But this picture wasn't in a frame."

"It seems to me," said Jeffrey, "I remember hearing about a picture called 'The Mona Lisa,'" in Paris, that was stolen. And then there was that Gainsborough that Pinkerton got back."

"Oh, sure, that kind of pictures," said the lieutenant impatiently. "Pictures out of galleries. What I mean is the kind of pictures *you* paint."

To be continued.

In the Forefront

GENERAL SAM HUGHES, "THE MEGAPHONE MAN;" NURSING MATRON MARGARET MACDONALD, WHO KNOWS MORE WAR THAN MOST MEN; MRS. ARTHUR MURPHY—"JANEY CANUCK"—OF THE WEST WESTERN—AND THEN SOME

The Megaphone Man

General Sam Hughes, the Militant Minister of Our Militia Department

By John F. Charteris

WHEN a man is dead, the patient shepherd called History puts his crook around the deceased's neck and leads him, willy nilly, to the sheepfold or to the goatpen, according to his deserts. After which a complaisant posterity very seldom bothers to re-examine him.

But while a public man is still living, still butting in and baa-ing about, it is almost impossible to get between the movie operators and the Associated Press men, and find out what he is really like

Especially is this true of such 40-knot an hour gentlemen as Theodore-to-the-south-of-us, William-'cross-the-seas and—attention please—Major General the Honorable Sam-in-the-midst-of-us

We find, on the one hand, such staid and pious journals as the Toronto *Telegram* growing unbiblically vitriolic under the caption "General Hughes—Troublemaker," while the still staider *Globe* opines that, "He should reflect that genius is often closely akin to madness," also that "the second quality may be present without the first."

On the other hand—the left one that persistently remains in ignorance of what the right is up to—we discover the Canadian Militia under date of 22nd October, promoting the Troublemaker from Colonel to Major General, and predating the appointment so as to ensure the M. G.'s seniority over all and sundry. That the appointee is also the appointer may or may not have influenced the King's Printer who set type for the little blue appointment sheet, holding one hand over his mouth the while

But the fact remains, even as Sam remains, that the new Major General is undoubtedly a personage, and the large crowds recognize the fact wherever the private car, "Roleen," carries this stern-gazing, quick-saluting, blue-caped man of whom Lord Roberts said: "in organizing the Canadian Overseas Contingent, he displayed a driving force and a military genius without a parallel in history !"

The Nation's Drillmaster is—of course—an Ulster Orangeman. And a Methodist at that. He comes of the farthest-wandering, the hardest-hitting, loudest-shouting race in the world. And when you add to this such a strain as comes from the French blood of his greatgrandfather General St. Pierre, who was killed at Waterloo together with two of his sons—why, you'd expect just the handsome scrapper that the Hon. Sam has turned out to be, sword in one hand, magaphone in the other.

At school, Sam used to come home with all the athletic medals and cups and things buttoned up under his coat. When he grew old enough, he tried teaching. He was a good teacher. But Jarvis St. Collegiate chiefly remembers him for the time he chased his biggest pupil twelve times around the yard, in order to administer a pin in the middle of the back, same having been the treatment meted out to a smaller boy by the culprit

In 1885, Hughes became the editor of the Lindsay *Warder* and held down the job, held up the town, held out his views, held in—or didn't hold in—the Ulstersaintpierre temper for twelve smoking years. We would we had a copy of that *Warder*! It must have warded sulphurously.

In 1892 there had occurred a bye-election in North Victoria. Just who it was that suggested Sam to the public we don't know. But we can guess. Anyhow, the public acquiesced and Sam became a member, which was all the foothold needed by a born climber, with his eye on the political Mt. Robson.

When the South African War exploded itself onto a well-red map, Sam offered his services. Was declined. Went as a freelance. And made good. He pitched into the problem of railway transport up from the Cape, became assistant to Inspector General Settle on lines of communication later, Chief of the Intelligence Staff to the same General; after which he was captured by Sir Charles Warren to perform similar duties in Griqualand and Bechuanaland. That the busy warrior ever returned to his native heath indeed, is due solely to the conviction that the heath needed him.

When the present government came into power, the new Minister of Militia had a blazing opportunity to exercise his peculiar gifts. He has been known to call the old Canadian militia "Ships of Mars with clouds being the per scenery." And very gallantly did he set forth to inculcate his ideas

Canada was busy in her wheat-belts, Canada was real estate-crazy, Canada-and-Gowganda mad. To Canada the word "drill" meant oil, not armies

But Colonel Hughes was one of the few Canadians who saw that the Kiel Canal wasn't built to punt in and that the Krupps weren't making fireworks for the Toronto Exhibition. He saw German beyond the sights of the Ross Canadian Rifle And he was so keen seeing Germans and at keeping to make the Dominion see eye to eye with him, that we find a 1912 correspondent of the Ottawa Free Press marvelling in shocked tones how he actually walked into the vice-regal box at the theatre, wearing an ordinary business suit and—ye gods and gazetteers—a necktie, red as War !

In December of 1912, London was positive that she had him pinned down to contribute $130,000 towards the Federal Square, on the ground that his soldiers were to parade there. But the Board of Education, nose deep in the Wars of the Roses, refused to grant prizes to the cadets of the town, under the Strathcona Trust, because, forsooth, they didn't believe in militarism Whereupon, London promptly had a wire from Sam that made her turn the other cheek and then do it all over again.

Under date of April 22nd, 1914, the peaceloving Toronto *Globe* enumerates and anathematizes the various items of the Colonel's expenditures, calling him, "the most reckless spender of money in a government—" —but you know what the *Globe would* say when it got on that subject. Anyhow, Sam was proposing to Sammify some $10,500,665 of good Canadian cash, and the Hielander's Hymnal sang out that "The Colonel must be anticipating drill, summer and winter, day and night, rain or shine." Parenthetically we would ask Constant Reader to compare this statement with the news columns of the same journal six months later, and put down a big white mark for Colonel Sam.

Perhaps the Militant Minister's most crusadeful doings were done what time he donned his anti-canteen armor. There had been a law against liquor which Sir Frederick Borden had allowed to slip into conventual seclusion. When the Methodist Orangeman took over the Militia Department, however, he cleaned it out from garret to cellar, with the accent on the cellar. Officers were held responsible for th. ignition-quality of a privat breath, and those who sat up nights composing resignations got anticipatory postcards that such had been taken as read.

When remonstrated with, Hughes would remark, "Change the law then, you fools. While the law stands, I stand, here or hereabouts, Gooderham and Wirts to the contrary notwithstanding. Are we down hearted? NO!"

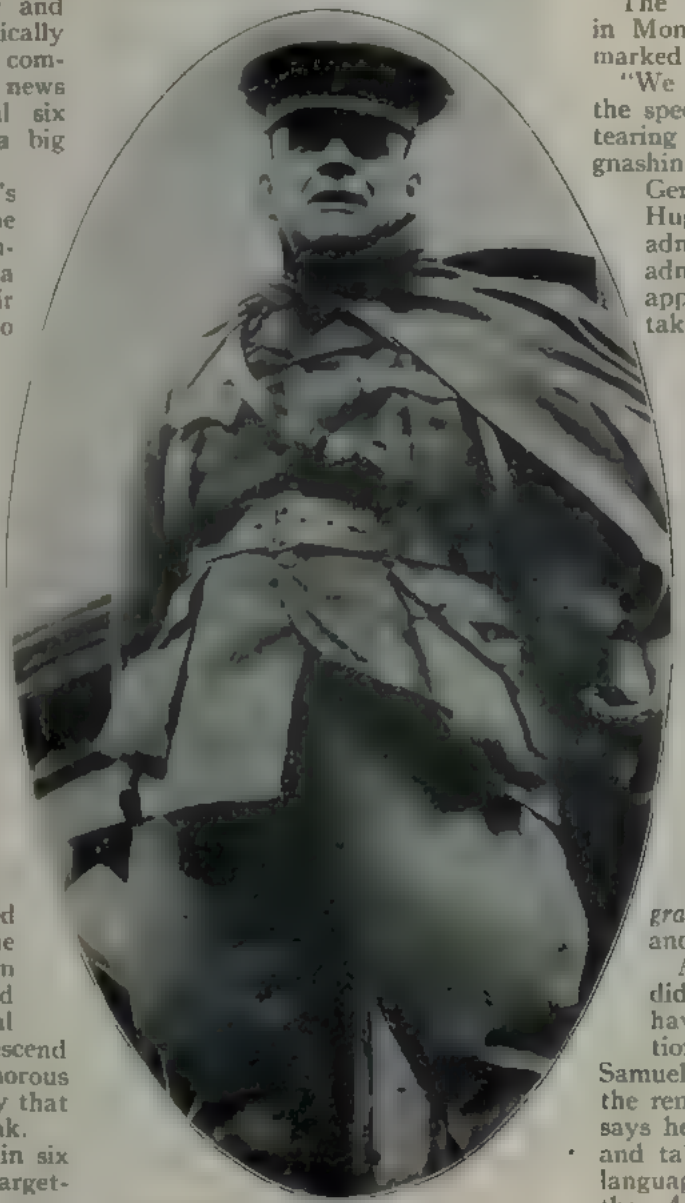
But it was not until all the prophet's war clouds exploded into thunder at once, and the Kaiser launched his ultimatum slap in the face of an astounded world, that Hughes got his real chance, and that we, alas, descend into the congested and clamorous streets of such immediate history that we can't yet hear ourselves think.

That the Minister of Militia in six weeks collected, full armed, target-practised and finally transported some 33,000 men from Valcartier to Salisbury Plains, is about the only indisputable fact to be ascertained. As to whether he did it satisfactorily, scandalously or only fairly well, depends on whether you listen to the Minister himself, to "Jack Canuck" and the *Telegram*, or to the *Globe*.

Hold on. There's one more fact to be jotted down in the "indisputable" column.

So far as appointments went, there was no graft. Sam holds his sword in one hand and his megaphone in the other, as before stated. There is no littlebehindhand.

A colonel in the Wewontsay District didn't want to volunteer in blank, according to orders. He wrote to headquarters asking a Colonelcy, reminding the Minister at the same time that he was the most influential Tory in his locality. The ex-editor took out the pen he'd used on the *Warder*, on or about July 12th, and told the petitioner that it was a long, long way



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GENERAL HUGHES WATCHING THE CANADIAN CONTINGENT PUTTING TO SEA

to St Helena, but he'd furnish him with the necessary asbestos transportation any time he wanted it

While the Colonel had Valcartier to run and run on about, the cities saw but little of him. Once the Contingent had sailed, however, and the Colonel had come back from England he took up his residence in the "Roleen" and began to talk

He is a boon to reporters, this mischief-making Minister, and a bug-bear nightmare-wish-he-wasn't-there to his staff, who have to sound the retreat so often after their chief's remarks

He spent a day in Toronto. The press scribbled wads of copy. The staff set out to censor. The Exhibition Grounds were white with the fragments that remained.

He came again to Toronto.

But of the Hughes-Lessard incident it is still unsafe to talk save in whispers, with the smoke consumer on

The *Herald-Telegraph*, being down in Montreal out of harm's way, remarked as follows:

"We confess to some amusement at the spectacle of the queenly Toronto tearing her hair and weeping and gnashing her teeth just because Major-General, the Honorable Samuel Hughes has found it necessary to administer to her a little public admonition. The General could apply a wet shingle to Halifax, take Quebec by the scruff of the neck, and even make Montreal ridiculous in the eyes of the Dominion by publicly forbidding her to do a thing, and privately assisting her in the doing of it. All this he could do, but he was still 'darling boy' in Toronto. But now— !"

The *Evening News* (Montreal) was even more ribald.

"After the recent military sensations in Toronto the unfortunate impression may go abroad that foot and mouth disease has spread into this country.

'Earthquake shock in Toronto?

"Oh, no; 'twas only Sam Hughes and the Toronto *Telegram* expressing their ideas at one and the same time."

As to what the *Telegram* really did say—but we don't want to have to run an expurgated edition expressly for churchmembers Samuel is now engaged in recruiting the remainder of the 108,000 men he says he wants. He came to London and talked to the Canadian Club in language that gave ample excuse for the *Advertiser's* allegation that he said he'd saved the first contingent from German destroyers by his refusal to accept Kitchener's statement that the convoy was sufficient, until he'd been assured just how and when and how much each ship could do in the gun-line.

To be sure, Sam the Smoother took a few of the crinkles out of the Minister's words by the time the reporters got around to interviewing him in regard to the usual contradicting of his speech. But that doesn't go for much with the present writer who was there and heard him.

In the evening, however, the General left the megaphone down on the shunt-track with the "Roleen" and did a stunt with the sword instead, to such good effect that the Opera House was filled to its top note, and everybody talked Canadian Contingent for days thereafter, to the great benefit of the recruiting officers.

A single incident, characteristic to a degree, may conclude this sketch.

There was a plot unearthed in London, whereby the Minister was to be shot by four Turks whom the police got tucked away the day before their intended victim's arrival.

"What do you think of it?" asked the reporters.

"Why—er—bully for them," said the Honorable Sam; "Did they have Ross rifles?"

Nursing Matron Margaret Macdonald

A Natural Born Nurse Who Has Seen Service on many Battlefields

By Madge Macbeth

THERE are comparatively few of our soldiers who have seen any more actual service on the field of battle than has Nursing Matron Margaret Chisholm Macdonald.

Born in Bailey's Brook, Nova Scotia, she comes from a country which has produced a startling number of illustrious Canadians. Pictou County was the home of the late Sir William Dawson, Principal of McGill University, the late George Grant, Principal of Queen's University, the Rev. Dr. Gordon, its present Principal, President Falconer, of the University of Toronto, and too many statesmen of prominence to be named at the moment. It is a Scotch-Presbyterian community, all save a small isolated section which abuts Antigonish, and which is ninety-nine per cent. Scotch Roman Catholic. To this faith belongs the family of D. D. Macdonald, County Councillor, for Pictou.

His daughter, Margaret, was born with an aptitude for nursing. She preferred to play with sick dolls, was interested in the ailments of all the dependents about the place, and was not bowled over by the sight of a gory nose. After very youthful school days in Bailey's Brook, she went to Halifax to study, and from there she went to New York to train as a nurse. Her course was finished just about the time of the Spanish-American War, and she offered her services to the United

AS A CHILD MISS MACDONALD PREFERRED TO PLAY WITH SICK DOLLS RATHER THAN THE WELL KIND

States Government. They were accepted, and she saw service at Montauk Point. Later, Miss Macdonald was made a member of the Spanish-American War Nurses' Association, and the American Red Cross Society.

At the outbreak of the South African War, she volunteered to the Canadian Government, and was accepted, leaving with the first Canadian Contingent for the front.

The story runs that Miss Macdonald was attending to a wounded soldier under fire, when a piece of shell struck her, tearing her arm. Unmindful of herself, she continued to dress the soldier's hurt, even though an officer who rode by and saw what had happened, urged her to get herself attended to. It is said that some time later, when the circumstance was brought to the notice of a prominent general, and when he commended her pluck and bravery, she drew herself up, saluted and replied, "It was nothing, sir! I am the daughter of a Highlander!"

Miss Macdonald came home with several other nurses, only to find that unpleasantness had again broken out and she was needed a second time in South Africa. She was one of the first women in Kimberly after the coming of the relief expedition, and was present at the taking of Pretoria.

She then took a Post Graduate Course in New York, and following that, went to Panama. Perhaps this noble piece of heroism will be better appreciated when it is understood that at the time mentioned, the camps and hospitals—the very Isthmus itself—were rank with pestilence. No one, until the coming of Colonel Gorgas, had dreamed of stamping out yellow fever; those who dared live in Panama either defied it or were resigned to the possibility of dying with it. It was in all truth and literalness—The Yellow Peril.

In order to keep the place made grim by the hand of Death as bright and cheerful as they could, pots of flowers were made to bloom in every window. Each pot stood in a vessel of water thereby only attracting the mosquito by providing the most desirable breeding place within reach of those whom they meant to attack!

Sister Macdonald escaped yellow fever but contracted malaria. She went home, recovered and returned to Panama. Hers was the wonderful experience of seeing one of the most dreaded diseases of the tropics absolutely stamped out; she saw twenty-five hundred panic-stricken men throw down their implements of work and leave the Isthmus at the outbreak of an epidemic—and she saw the last case of yellow fever which has been known at Panama!

Seeking her native shores once more she was appointed Nursing Sister of the Canadian Permanent Army Medical Corps Nursing Service, November '06, with the rank of Lieutenant. She is saluted just as any other Army Officer would be. In 1911 the Militia Department of the Canadian Government sent her to England to study the administration, organization and mobilization of the Queen Alexandra Imperial Nursing Service which stood her in good stead a few months ago when she had to mobilize her small army of nurses who left with the first contingent. She and Matron Ridley are in charge of the nurses—approximately one hundred—who volunteered from Canada.

Mrs. Arthur Murphy, "Janey Canuck"

A Woman Whom the Great Northwest Delights to Honor

By Michael J. Svenceski.

NEVER heard of a woman bronco-buster? No? What that? Impossible you say? Far from it, stranger. Sure and it may look impossible but—What is it, you want to know? Well, she is Mrs. Ar——, but first let me tell you about this wonderful Canadian woman and a few, just a few of the many things she has done to make a wanderer, waif and ill-fed Britisher come home to stay.

This great Western-Canadian has broken more than one broncho and the peace and placidity of many a slothful politician in Alberta. And she has done many other things besides.

What would you think of a woman who "hiked" and "mushed" thousands of miles through pre-railway country in the far north and then called it "a jolly outing?"—a woman who interested herself in the new towns of Alberta and helped plan them; a woman who is concerned in and working for a dozen or more societies of various kinds; who reared a family; made a home; wrote books, and scribbled cheques for charity; conducted coal mines, pink teas, sold farms and hospital tags; invested in timber limits and tr——, just a moment and I'll tell you who it was. It was none other than Mrs. Arthur Murphy, "Janey Canuck," who is making Canadian history by being one of the greatest personalities among the many famous Canadian women of her time. so great, that King George has just now conferred upon her the decoration of Lady of Grace of St. John of Jerusalem. Her home is in Edmonton, the farthest north metropolis in America, but she is a native of Ontario, being born in Cookstown in Simcoe County.

In the modern book of revelations, Who's Who and Why,—you will find that she went to school at Bishop Strachan's School, Toronto. She was married to Arthur Murphy, M.A., and has two daughters. She came to Edmonton seven years ago and since then has had little time to go back, and then only to tell what a glorious place the Far West really is

Mrs. Murphy holds the Presidency of the Canadian Women's Press Club; she is Convener of Committee on Peace and Arbitration, National Council of Women of Canada; Vice-president of the Board of Control of the Sanitorium for Tuberculosis, Province of Alberta; only woman Member of the Board of Directors of the Edmonton City Hospitals; Founder and Honorary President of Edmonton Women's Canadian Club; Honorary President of the Ladies' Hospital Aid of Edmonton; Member of the Ontario Historic Society; Member of the Daughters of the Empire, and of the Canadian Handicrafts' Society

And yet, when I was ushered into the study in Mrs. Murphy's home in Edmonton, I did not find, as one might have expected, a woman, weighted down with the numerous cares of office, and burdened by a terrific load of responsibilities. Nor did I find her wearing mannish clothes, eye-glasses and close-cropped hair, as literary women sometimes do. Neither was she smoking a cigarette

Far from it, the woman who came in to greet the interviewer was dressed in plain black, but there were red roses in her cheeks and the way she gave you her hands reminded the interviewer immediately that this was the West and full of that well-known western quality hospitality

MRS. ARTHUR MURPHY
Whose chief hobby is cheerfulness

Ill at ease? Home itself could not have been more comfortable for, in a few moments, Mrs Murphy made one forget all self-consciousness. She chatted about the country and the city asking how the interviewer liked it if he were going to stay long and what were his plans? Never once did she mention anything she herself was doing In fact, it appeared that your cares and worries were the only ones that could worry her and that she, herself, was quite willing to shoulder them if necessary

Then the telephone bell tinkled and a maid came in to say.

"Mrs. Murphy's wanted on the phone." With a word to be excused, and a promise to be back immediately, the lady being interviewed hurried out to answer the call

"Yes, this is Mrs. Murphy speaking" Quiet ensued for a few minutes, then.

'Yes, I see." More quantities of quiet; then

'Oh! I am so sorry Really I am, but, although I will promise to help you in every way possible I couldn't accept—yes. What is that?" A longer period of silence

"No, I am sorry," this with firmness which was instantly relieved with. "but I'll tell you what I'll do. I can help you indirectly in some working position." The other end of the wire received the conversation and must have pleaded for a long time but Mrs. Murphy finished with:

'Oh! yes. I'll assuredly support it, but you see, I can't take such a position as you offer. 'Yes! Goodbye," and the receiver got the hook in double-quick time

As Mrs. Murphy returned to [the room the interviewer raised his eyebrows, sensing a little episode which might throw some light on the character of the interviewed. True to his newspaper instinct, it did. Mrs. Murphy smiled

They called up to ask me to take the presidency of a new industrial society which is being formed here I worked a long time to get it started but just because of the interest I showed, I don't want to take a foremost position. Office hampers one's output of work," said Mrs. Murphy, dismissing the subject and turning to other interesting topics. She spoke of the great land which we love so much. Canada She discussed the Old North-west, but when she turned to the question of the New North, that vast land of opportunity and optimism, her speech took on a prophetic aspect Throughout the interview, no matter what topic was under fire, she was always interesting and amusing, filling her recital with whimsical say-

ings, and queerly turned phrases.

The clock struck five. Two hours had flown like a few moments. The interviewer begged to be excused and hurried away but before leaving he received an invitation to call again.

"We're going to have a bonfire out in the yard this evening, so be sure to come," concluded Mrs. Murphy, closing the door. "What celebration is on, I wonder," thought the interviewer, and decided to call and find out

At the appointed hour the scribbler of notes was on hand, and the maid showed him into the back yard. There grouped around the big fire, were Mr. Murphy the two young ladies of the family, and Mrs. Murphy.

"What is the celebration ?" asked the knight of the pad and pencil, coming to the point immediately following the introductions.

"Oh ! The death of King Rubbish," answered Mrs. Murphy laughing. "Didn't you see the signs on the street cars ?"

"Yes," replied the interviewer quickly

"And their command was :—"

"Don't forget This is Clean-up week The phrase tumbled out fresh from its impression by the street-car advertising.

"Yes—well this bonfire is the Clean-up—" and, looking into the next yard, the interviewer saw another bonfire and in the yard farther on, another and everywhere the smoke of the fires arose to heaven——the sacrifice of King Rubbish—municipally instigated. Edmonton's big Clean-up work was in progress, due directly to a society in which Mrs. Murphy is a virtual leader.

"Don't you love to watch a big bonfire ?—I do—" said Mrs. Murphy, bringing the journalist back from his survey, as she poked the fire into a brighter blaze. "I think," she continued, "that all our household like to watch a blazing fire—all except Lena," and here Mrs. Murphy laughed.

"The cook ?" questioned the interviewer.

"Yes !" went on Mrs. Murphy. "One day Lena dropped a coal in the yard here and when the fence caught fire, and the dry grass was blazing high, Lena walked into the drawing-room where a meeting was in progress and calmly announced the fire just as she would have said, 'Dinner is served.' Lena is a foreigner."

"You have interested yourself in the foreigners, haven't you, Mrs. Murphy? Written several stories about them, too ?" interrupted the man of notes

"I think it's the prime duty of all Canadians to help the newly arrived foreigners as much as they would the Canadian born. We must make them over into good Canadians; educate them and bring them up to our standard, and not let them drag us down to theirs. We must imbue them with the love of work, and the spirit of cheerfulness. And the greatest of these things is cheerfulness."

"Why optimism ?" and the scribbler smiled as he said it.

"Now, young man," began Mrs. Murphy, "I warn you. Don't start me on a favorite topic," and she shook a finger of warning at the interviewer.

"All right then, Mrs. Murphy, let me ask you about——"

"Literature ?" questioned Mrs. Murphy quickly.

"Which, Shakespeare's or yours," the scribbler could not help saying.

The warning finger went up again quickly, but, even as it rose, the great woman broke into a cheery laugh saying something about "pranks of youth." She herself is youthful—youth always is optimistic and who is more optimistic than Mrs. Murphy ? Her personality will affect even the least impressionable of people. Take that story that comes from the great Peace River country.

A well-known editor went up into that country a year after Mrs. Murphy had passed by. He stopped at a settler's home and begged the settler's wife for a drink of water. They gave him milk and while the thirsty news-picker drank, the homesteader tried to entertain his guest with his choicest experience.

"Yes," drawled the Northerner, "a body does see a 'tarnation lot of people passin' along this trail. There's maybe two a day besides the regular freights. Why, there's all kinds come by. But the one we remember best is a woman. Wonder now if you know her, maybe ? Funny kind of woman, she was too. Makes you feel when you're talking to her as if she's more'n six feet. Her voice is big and gentle, and her mind, is big too, I reckon—"

"And her heart," chimed in the settler's wife, who would have said more had not her lord and master demanded the floor.

"I reckon so. But when she's gone and you look down the trail, why she ain't more'n five feet. D'ye know her?"

"Who is she ? What's she do ?" asked the newspaperman. "Squaw ? Settler's wife ? Missionary ? What's she look like ?"

"Squaw ?" The settler's face wore the look of a man who had witnessed a sacrilege. "Say, she ain't no squaw," he said. "You don't know that woman. Why she just talks and makes folks feel better, that's all. Ever know what it is to take a nip of something good after you've been mushing, mushing on the trail for hours ? Well, that's what she's like. She's the most cheerfullest person I ever see. Why when she struck our shack here, why Mary, was—well, that don't matter. But anyway, that woman sure did us good. Let's see, what's her name now What was it, Mary ?"

"I just can't think of it, but it was Murray or Mur—" began the wife frowning in her endeavor to recall the name.

"Yes ! that's it. Murphy. Know anybody by that name ?"

"Mrs. Arthur Murphy—Janey Canuck."

"Yes ! That's the whole thing. A writer-woman."

"Why yes: I've heard of her," said the newspaperman. "She writes about this country and writes well."

"Don't know how she writes but she is sure some fine woman. I'd rather see her a-coming up the trail most any day than the freights or the mail. Wouldn't you, Mary ?"

There had been a family row in the settler's household when the woman passing on the trail had come in. There had been a sick baby, a disputed [illegible] and a [illegible] The household was practically in ruins, both mentally and materially. Then when "Janey Canuck" came in she brought the germ that cures all ailments—cheerfulness and optimism. Before she left the house that day the baby was better, the wife was well, and the settler in good humor for the first time for weeks. In that settler's home to-day, you'll find a little oil lamp that sits on the mantle-piece over the fire place. It is only a cheap lamp. The settler bought it for his wife after Mrs. Murphy left. It was a luxury in those days of candles. The settler is rich now—a railroad runs by his farm, but the little lamp sits on the mantelpiece, lit only on great occasions, blinking its message of cheerfulness and good-will. It is a monument to the joy of life that one woman brought into a home, and the joy-bringer was "Janey Canuck." Were it not too flippant the lamp might be called a smoke monument. But let it pass; a monument is a monument whether it is a lamp or a stone.

And this brings us to the fact that Mrs. Murphy is interested, among other things, in preserving Canadian land-marks and in recording the things of to-day for the benefit of those who come to-morrow. The historic land-mark called Fort Edmonton was doomed for destruction a short time ago but Mrs. Murphy stepped in and its Judgment Day passed.

Only last week a new arrival in Edmonton asked a citizen two questions in one mouthful:

"Who is the mayor of this town ? Who runs the city ?"

Continued on page 191

With Our Contingent Abroad

By Private H. R. Gordon

THE lads in khaki, each one in his own way, are drawing mind pictures of the homefolk and the things that were the daily routine last year. By the time this arrives you'll be shaking the snow off your furs and huddling up close to the radiator. Possibly you think about us and shiver at the hardships you imagine us as suffering. The hard times may come soon, when we reach the spot two hundred miles away, where the British and French and Belgians are fighting in water-soaked trenches; but at present we're as cheerful as though we were back home by the big base-burner, or open fire, digesting New Year dinners. We have become very well acquainted, in fact friends, with out-door life; and we've almost forgotten that people can wear any clothing other than khaki, or live and move and have their being except as the bugle commands them. We feel that we're becoming real soldiers.

Our daily life cannot be called very luxurious or easy, but it is certainly healthful, and with a sound digestion, warm clothes and plenty of exercise, anyone can be happy. There is just one drawback to camp life in England, and that is the weather. Somebody up above must have turned on the tap just after we landed, and forgotten to turn it off again. We've had only about three days without rain since we landed, and we've been here almost a month. We plough through so much mud and water that "Gyp the Louie," one of the many humorists of our company remarked to-day: "Say fellows, what's good for corns on the soles of your feet?"

So far we've been lucky in having the heaviest showers at hours when we're off parade. The rain in England, if more persistent, is not so heavy as the rain in Canada, and one can be out on a rainy day for an hour or two without suffering much inconvenience beyond a soggy great coat. Greased boots and puttees form a thoroughly efficient protection against wet feet. If the shower becomes a deluge we are usually ordered off parade into our tents before we get too uncomfortable.

To-day was rather typical of what England presents us with each twenty-four hours. In the morning the sky was covered with dense grey

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HERE'S THE KIND OF AT-THE-FRONT COMFORTS OUR BOYS MAY EXPERIENCE THIS WINTER

clouds, and a high wind made the tents rattle. We got up by candle-light—reveille is at 6 a. m.—slipped on our boots and sweaters and drowsily answered the roll call as the orderly sergeant deciphered the names by the light of a smoking lantern. We had our usual constitutional, a brisk run around the officers' tents, in which there was beginning to be a stir, past the patient lines of blanketed horses and back over the muddy parade ground to our tents. We washed in the icy water at the taps two hundred yards away, arranged our kits, folded our blankets and swept out the board floors of our tents. These board floors are a great convenience, and insure dry and comfortable living when the ground is cold and soggy. Most of the battalions in the contingent have them.

Breakfast at 7.30 a.m., consisted of bacon and hot tea, along with the bread, jam and cheese, which are on hand for all meals. One man from each tent goes up to the cook-house to get the supply for himself and his comrades, in a big iron pot—a "dixie."

After breakfast we had a little breathing spell to clean rifles, polish buttons and grease our boots. About this time "newsies" from London come up with the "pipers," beseeching us to read and learn "all abaht it." So we read: "In the north the battle continues with great violence. On the rest of the front there is nothing to report," and similar tantalizing scraps of news. Curiously enough, we seldom talk much about the war. It is safe to say that one would hear more discussion of it in almost any Canadian street car than in the whole of our camp. We become preoccupied with the work nearest hand, and are usually too busy to bother thinking out infallible schemes for destroying the German armies and navy and capturing the Kaiser.

At 8.45 we fell in. Fifteen minutes later we were out on the broad slope of a valley, at drill. Over here we do not go in for the barrack square type of drill. Every evolution we go through is an evolution that will come in useful when we go to the front. We get a great deal of skirmishing work. One minute we'll be marching along at ease in a long column, chatting and passing jokes up and down the line, or singing—the next, at a whistle and a wave of the captain's arm, the column melts suddenly into what appears to be an unorganized mob, all running at top speed. Ten seconds later the compact column is spread across a front of two hundred yards in a straight line. At another whistle and a shake of the captain's fist, we move forward at the double, section commanders in the rear exhorting the laggards in unparliamentary language to "keep up there." Yet another whistle and the captain raises his arm—everyone dives to the ground. Men here and there wriggle a few feet to take advantage of some slight depression in the ground. The company is ready for action.

To-day we had this sort of drill, with variations all morning. We practised advancing to the attack, with scouts out ahead; and connecting files to pass the information from the front to the supports and the reserves. We use semaphore signals for this. Different positions of the arms indicate different letters of the alphabet. One letter we all learned early, was "B," formed by holding the right arm in a

horizontal position. Already a large proportion of the fellows, having a bowing acquaintance with semaphore signalling, and being of practical minds realize how useful a speaking acquaintance would be, have decided to master the system.

How Veterans Teach the Recruits to Battle with Bayonets

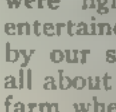
Half an hour every morning is devoted to bayonet drill. Nearly every day the news from the front includes the story of a hand to hand struggle. The bayonet seems to be as important as the bullet in this war. Every company, in our battalion at least, includes anywhere from a dozen to a score old soldiers. They get out in front and show us the various guards and thrusts. We follow these movements as well as we can, and occasionally have duels—using the rifles without bayonets fixed. It is a little hard on the hands, especially when a projecting foresight from the rifle of one's opponent removes the skin of one's knuckles, but we enjoy it. We find it very similar to boxing, and it's excellent exercise for the arms and body.

Morning parade was over at noon. Ten minutes later we were getting our skilly inside us. The one staple article of diet that has been good uniformily is the "skilly," or Irish stew. The boiling makes the meat tender, and the carrots and cabbage make the soup quite palatable. A mess tin full of skilly, a hunk of "punk," as we call our bread, plenty of jam, a long swig at the water bottle make a meal fit for a king, if the king was as hungry as we always are after a morning's work.

English weather became obtrusive when the bugle blew for afternoon parade. A fine rain, driven by squalls of wind made us glad to turn up our greatcoat collars. We slopped off through the mud to the ranges for musketry practice. The targets we have to shoot at are not the squares of white with black bullseyes in the centre, familiar to all of us, but blots of khaki the size of a man's head and shoulders, on a back-ground of dull green. Another battalion was using the range when we arrived. We huddled together in little rings to escape the searching, wind-driven rain. Did we grumble? We did not. We compared notes of our experiences on leave, or had little intimate controversies about the homefolk, some making sensible and others utterly ridiculous guesses as to what they were doing. "The boss would be giving me blazes for taking an hour and a half for lunch," said one clerk from a big Toronto warehouse. "I wonder who had to pay for the pool table to-day? I used to be the goat when I was home." "How'd you like to be back?" I asked. "Not for a million bucks," was the reply.

At last the order to move came, and we ploughed back to camp, with the rain stinging our faces. We plunged into our tents, hung up our sopping greatcoats on nails "obtained" from a shack in course of erection nearby, and set to work to fix our rifles. They receive rather more grooming than we do ourselves. A rifle neglected now, may mean a helpless man in the firing line sometime in the future.

A more usual programme for the afternoon is a route march, with full kit on. The big knapsack on our backs and the haversack and water bottle at each side, make us look like walking Christmas trees, but the weight of the equipment is so distributed that one doesn't feel it much. Yesterday afternoon we did a little ten mile hike. We were off across the close cropped turf by two o'clock. We swung along for a mile or so, up a long slope, past a clump of hardwoods, with the leaves still on them, through a valley, to a muddy lane with "out of bounds" signs on both sides of it. We went through the foot deep mud as best we could and had our first halt on the other side. Pipes and cigarettes were lighted and our platoon was entertained by a humorous monologue by our sergeant, "Hub." We heard all about the doings at a York county farm when a bunch of village cut-ups undertook to get in the hay, and how "the best little pal in the world, fellows," is waiting at home for him.



The Pace the Pipers Set Proves Strenuous for "Short-Legs"

Shortly after the march was resumed we struck a real road; smooth, hard macadam, unbroken by tractor engines, and—free from mud, thank Heaven. Our ancient rivals, the 48th of Toronto, were swinging along to, "The Cock of the North," shrilled out by two pipers with a gusto that would make piper Findlater green with envy. We stretched our legs, and made some speed up that hill to get away from the sound. The pace became hotter and the short-legged fellows had to break into a dog-trot to keep up. "There's the last of London out of me," wheezed a veteran, back the preceding night from three day's leave to the city of fog! We saw the Highlanders halt for a rest, and as we got our five minutes breathing spell we sat down in a field overgrown with yellow mustard, and dotted with orange poppies—and this in the middle of December.

The five minutes up, we were pounding the macadam again. We passed through Shrewton village a single narrow street [illegible] brick walls, neat little boxes of houses and farms with thatched roofs. The thatch weather went to [illegible] and gives the village a curiously [illegible] appearance. There was a long hill outside the village. We had been marching at a pretty good pace between four and five miles an hour, and didn't slow down for it, more than like a quarter mile hill, so were pretty thoroughly tired when we reached the summit. We started to sing "Tipperary," then "I've been working on the railroad," and "Down in the heart of Maryland." We forgot all about tramp, tired and footsore, and almost before we knew it we were scrambling through the gap in the bridge a few hundred yards from our camp.

In the evening the Y. M. C. A. is the centre of camp activities. Last night the wind was blowing a gale and rain was coming down in buckets-full. We doubled across the pools of mud and water on the parade ground into the smoky enthusiasm of the big marquee. The place was jammed. The Y. M. C. A. and the Canadian War Contingent Association have started to keep the tents supplied with stationery, and periodicals. About seven o'clock the usual evening [illegible] began. At one end of the marquee the Y. M. C. A. people have a piano, and enough benches to accommodate a couple of hundred men. To-night I have been singing, "Rule Britannia," "Who Killed Cock Robin," "I want a Girl like the Girl that Married Dear Old Dad," "I Wonder How the Old Folks are at Home," and a clever parody about "The Girls We Left Behind." We have also had some [illegible] and rotten [illegible]. Some of them are being repeated, and new ones started. A [illegible] captain is giving his [illegible] one could scarcely call it a sermon—on clean living. A good many of the chaps in camp, away from home for the first time, find these talks very helpful. There are no frills, no dressing—just plain straight talk. The Y. M. C. A. men over here are considerably older than our "Y" men at home, and quite a number seem to be ex-soldiers. They take their own time about doing things, but seem to arrive just the same. About this time we're thinking about a cup of tea and a bun at the canteen, and then to bed. This last process isn't as simple as it sounds. Nine of us and a grub box occupy a circle fourteen feet in diameter, and there's usually a young riot before every one is settled. "For the love of Mike, move over," calls

out Dick, "there's only six inches for Corpie and me to get into." "Get out," sings back John, "why you short-sighted shrimp, you've got half the tent." "Wallop him with the mallet," advises Hughie. "Who asked you to butt in, you piece of cheese," roar both disputants. The rest of us lie back and laugh—if we did the same on the vaudeville stage we'd be famous.

We have had a great many rainy nights, but so far, the tent has leaked seriously only once. I wakened—Hughie's howls for somebody to throw him a life-line would have stirred the dead—to find that we were reposing in a growing lake. We lit candles, cursed under our breath, rubbed ourselves down with towels and got into dry clothes. And we didn't even catch cold—our outdoor life having made us almost immune from any kind of sickness.

We have had one or two special occasions to break the monotony of ordinary drill. Early in November the whole contingent was inspected by the King, the Queen, Lord Kitchener and Lord Roberts. It was not spectacular. Each battalion lined the road; the Royal party drove up in automobiles and walked down our ranks. The King, slightly stooped, his face deeply lined, looked exactly what he is—the hardest worked man in the Empire. He seemed determined to know everything about each individual unit, and we heard him asking questions in a firm decided voice. Queen Mary was much more gracious and beautiful than her photographs portray her. Then came Kitchener, who is big, and looks the confidence-inspiring, solid, steel-willed man, that he is. He strode along, not moving his head, but apparently seeing everything. Behind him was Lord Roberts, whom we were so soon to lose. "Bobs," who had, and has, a larger share of the Empire's heart than any other soldier. The fellows marveled — eighty-two years of age, yet marching ahead as erect as a lance, and looking every inch the soldier he was—and then some. We cheered them all tremendously as they drove off, cheered like disciplined soldiers, but each enthusiastic individual fairly tingled with pride that he was British and could fight for his Empire. The procession of motor cars was concluded by a car full of Scotland Yard "Bobbies." We gave them a cheer too, and the red face of the sergeant in charge glowed with the grandest grin you ever saw.

Most of us have had our leave by this time. We have all found out that however cold and distant the English may be to strangers, they're the most hospitable people in the world when they think you're all right. And the little bronze maple leaves on our caps and collars are a sure passport. Nearly everybody was only too anxious to do something for the Canadians. Some of the theatres admitted our fellows at half price. At the hotels we were given the best rooms. And we were always bumping into people who thanked us for coming across to do our bit for the Mother Country. I was leaving the station at Bath, and was looking around in a rather puzzled way, when a fine looking man of the "middleclass" type came up and said: "Can't I do something for you?" He directed me to the street I wanted, then added. "Won't you come home and have dinner with me. I'd be proud to have you. We think it's magnificent the way you fellows from Canada have come over."

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ENGLISH WOMEN BREAKING THE MONOTONY OF CAMP FARE BY BRINGING FRUIT TO THEIR CANADIAN COUSINS

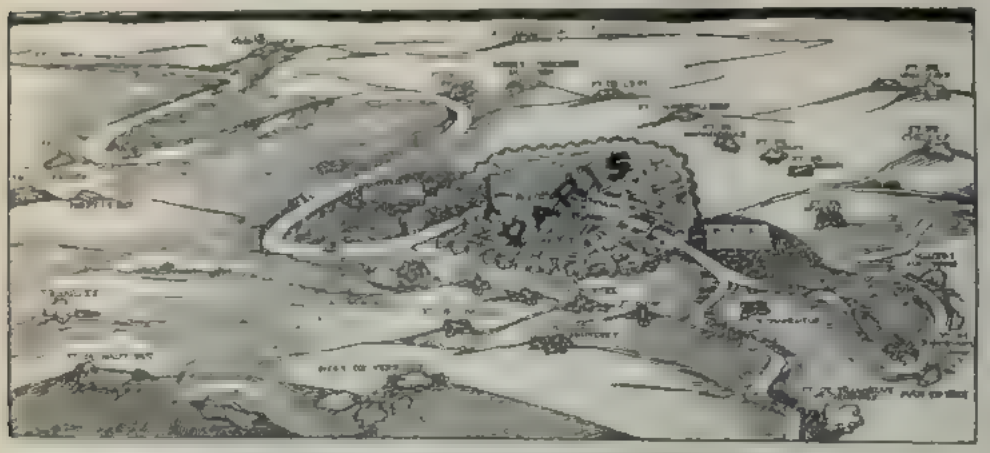
On one of our eventful days of leave, we were at a hotel in London when a charming elderly woman came over to our table and said: "Do you think people thank you splendid chaps enough, for giving up everything and coming over here to help us?" Hughie, the spokesman of the crowd said: "We haven't done anything yet, but we hope to. However, one thing our whole contingent is going to be firm about is that the German army must not be entirely annihilated—we want two soldiers saved, because we want to use them in moving pictures."

One of the best features of leave is a chance to renew acquaintances with a sure-enough bath tub. One day after revelling in this luxury, we went over to the Trocadero and had a meal—such a meal. Words couldn't do that fillet of sole and pheasant anything near justice. We orderd things we knew would take longest, so we could tantalize ourselves and thereby appreciate it more when it arrived. The only fault with the dinner was that, at the most interesting stage, that orchestra persisted in playing patriotic airs, through which we had to stand at attention.

Saturday night we strolled up some of the side streets. It seemed as if the world and his wife were out, and everything from a sofa to a chestnut was offered for sale at the stalls on the curbstones. The "Ward" in Toronto on an August evening is a miniature of it. Nobody, there at least, seemed to be worrying about the outcome of the war, or the possibility of a Zeppelin attack.

We dined in a little French restaurant. Our waiter fairly bubbled over with enthusiasm at serving men who were going to help restore Alsace and Lorraine. When we were leaving he insisted on shaking hands all 'round, and exclaiming to each one "Vive la France, Vive l'Anglettere, vive la Canada." How long, I wonder before the little Frenchman can shake our hands and know that his hopes have been realized, and what will the toll have been? God alone knows.

Modern Forts vs. German Guns



PARIS AND ITS CIRCLE OF DEFENCE AGAINST POSSIBLE GERMAN ATTACK

SUPPOSE CANADA SHOULD BE INVADED BY GERMANY; WOULD AN EXPENSIVE SYSTEM OF UP-TO-DATE FORTIFICATIONS THEN PROVE TO BE WORTH THE OUTLAY?

By "R. B."

Illustrated from photographs

ONE of the great questions now in the fighting pot of the European War is the practical value of the modern fortress. Have the expenditures of untold millions been justified by results? Were Verdun and Liege and Namur and Przemysl as "worth while" as their architects anticipated? Only the end of the war can bring a satisfying answer, for these are times of experiment, of "trying-on processes," of surprises and battered prophecies.

If any pet theory must go by the board, the implicit confidence of nations in their "impregnable" fortifications must be selected for the first sacrifice. Liege was impregnable as judged by the hitting force of ordinary artillery. So was Namur. But the Germans lumbered along their forty-two-centimetre siege guns, dragged them into position by traction engines, and let fly shells that, as shown by photographs, blew out excavations large enough to engulf a three-story dwelling. The impregnable fortress immediately became a mere stumbling block, troublesome and awkward in its way, but marked for inevitable destruction. This was not so, of course, in the early days of the assaults on Liege, for at that time the heaviest German artillery was still far to the rear and the Belgian resistance grossly under-estimated. But from the day of the arrival of Germany's monster mortars before any of the fortresses, the reduction of one position after another seemed to be only a matter of time. Will the military engineers of the future be able to construct an impediment capable of withstanding the assaults of mammoth artillery and vicious explosives? The odds certainly favor the man behind the siege-gun.

Inland Canadians, familiar perhaps solely with the mouldering fortifications along the international boundary line, are in danger of under-estimating the stupendous advances during the last twenty or thirty years in permanent military defences. With the exception of the Island of Orleans, Halifax, Esquimault and perhaps one or two other points, the Dominion's long coast line has been left vulnerable to attack. Mutual agreement and good-will, stronger than the strongest treaty, have relieved the line between the Dominion and the United States of the necessity for armed defiance. For these reasons, therefore, the purse of Canada and the mind of Canada have been spared the perplexities of armament shopping and fortress planning, and the gravest military occupation of our Federal Parliament has been to listen to Colonel-the-Honorable and then tease him and taunt him in half-hour diatribes.

What Would it Cost Canada to Construct a Few of These Modern Forts?

Just by way of preparation for the fort-building propaganda that may sweep across Canada at the close of the European War, may I intimate that the cost of these questionable bulwarks runs from one to ten millions of dollars. Heligoland, of course, cost probably thirty or forty millions to build. Koenigsberg and Przemysl (pronounced Przemysl) drew enormous sums from the national exchequers. But taking the average of fortresses the world over, it is probable that from two to ten million dollars apiece would cover their initial cost.

Then, too, the items of cannon and ammunition run away with many millions. A single 12-inch rifle costs $45,000, its carriage $41,000, and the emplacement of concrete $60,000—a total of $146,000—for a mere unit of fireworks that may be put out of action in a jiffy.

In its architectural form, a fortress of the modern day has scarcely a point of similarity to the fortress of fifty years ago. Indeed the protective devices against artillery fire on land have of necessity kept the same pace as developments in naval armament. Where the wooden frigate stimulated the manufacture of heavier and deadlier guns and explosives, which in turn stimulated the construction of stronger battleships—a cycle of endless competition—so the invention of high angle guns and new explosives for land employment compelled the radical revision of the old-fashioned fortification. Suddenly the high stone wall and the towering "keep," so thrillingly sufficient in the brave days of old, became tumbling down things to the exigencies of the new day and the new deviltries. The wide open forts, like Fort Henry at Kingston and Fort Garry as it once stood, would be as hopelessly and helplessly out of date in a 1914 conflict as if built of straw. Two well-placed shells aimed from five miles out in Lake Ontario would toboggan Fort Henry down the slope as prettily as if arranged in miniature for motion pictures. So with any fort of similar type. The maximum of hitting power, to match which they were constructed seventy or more years ago, has been superseded by such titanic standards of artillery fire that military architects and engineers simply discarded the thought of an *evolution* of fortress types and set to work to build a new defence on the basis of new and puzzling necessities.

The fortifications at any of the great European centres which have come to attention during the present campaign are of complex forms and contain every device which has been

proved by practical warfare. The *forts*, properly speaking, have a certain uniformity and, while not erected by the same engineers, were planned to offset the same dangers and to neutralize offensive instruments of known destructive power.

The Forts of Tradition Were Built Above Ground; But the Forts of To-day Are Dug

First of all, the old notion that height and ugliness of walls are a factor in resistance has given way to a theory of quite an opposite character. The up-to-date fort of France, Belgium and Germany is actually the most inconspicuous feature of the landscape. Excavation takes the place of height. There are no "parapets," no "grinning cannon," no flag poles. When a mammoth gun is fired, the spurt of powder is invisible; the gun itself never leaves the darkness of a casemate; the gunners and ammunition carriers and officers carry out their duties from the depths of a cave—indeed in construction, equipment and operation there is no possible analogy with the fortress of tradition.

The steel-riveted walls of stone, once the hope and salvation of the beleaguered, are to-day merely supplementary to other and more efficient materials, such as banks of earth, concrete and nickel amalgam. No longer are large military bodies stationed within the walls, a half company sufficing for the average redoubt. Lines of cannon poking their noses above the barriers are out-of-date almost as bows and arrows. What sent them into limbo was the introduction of smokeless powder in 1890, since when the discharge of guns has no longer been accompanied by the telltale puff of smoke. This, in turn led to the shielding of artillery from observation, and so we find the disappearing gun adopted by all countries.

A common design of modern fortress, of which those at Antwerp Liege, or along the French border are examples, places a girdle of infantry redoubts at from four to six miles from the edge of the defended centre and at intervals of from one to two and a half miles apart. According to the size of the redoubt the defending force consists of from half a company to half a battalion. Between redoubts are lined up howitzers and machine guns at spots affording the maximum of natural protection or giving facilities for artificial barriers. Direct firing fortress guns are also employed to reinforce the howitzer fire. The transport of ammunition along an extended line of fortifications is, naturally, a vital question, and has been sometimes solved by building a trench railway that makes a circuit of the batteries.

It will be seen that the scheme of modern military science is to halt an enemy's advance with gun fire rather than with moats and unscaleable walls, as was once the case. To silence the guns means the capture of the fortress almost as easily as walking into a department store.

Why the Defenders of Liege Were Able to Withstand the Kaiser for Many Days

How the defenders at Liege and Verdun were able to withstand the German attack was indicated in despatches in the most fragmentary and vague fashion. When it is stated that instead of storming a set of stone barriers, as in the Franco-Prussian and earlier wars, the Kaiser's hosts found themselves face to face with a chain of covered emplacements or holes in the ground from which belched a thousand mouths of fire, and against which their ordinary artillery had small opportunity to land a fatal shot, the German delay was not so surprising. Before Liege lay a countryside swept clear of trees, buildings, and shrubbery that could protect an invading force from the full fury of the guns. The fortresses themselves were practically buried in the earth, with only slight projections where stood the gun and observation towers. These towers were built over with thick steel cupolas, so strong as to ricochet the best-aimed shot. About the emplacement was massed thirty feet of masonry and iron with three feet or more of earth, and against such barriers the blasts of any but the Kaiser's greatest artillery had little immediate effect. The eventual success of the forty-two-centimetre guns invented by the Krupp factory is now a matter of history. Until such gigantic engines entered the struggle however, Liege and Namur more than justified the anticipations of their builders

Has the Forty-two-Centimetre Krupp Sounded the Death-knell of the Fortress Builder's Long-studied Art?

What sizes or designs of guns were mounted at Verdun or other points of fiercest conflict is, of course, hardly a matter of common information. Similar European fortresses, however, and many of the excellent structures along the United States seacoast contain mortars 13 feet long, 15 tons in weight, requiring 125 pounds of maximite (three times as powerful as gunpowder) to toss a projectile a distance of three miles. The modern 12-inch rifle, a frequent equipment, is 40 feet long, weighs 50 tons, and delivers a thousand pound shell for which it needs 520 pounds of powder.

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S IS THE TYPE OF HEAVY HOWITZERS THAT THE CANADI[illegible]
SEE PAGE

This department is under the direction of "Kit" who under this familiar pen name has endeared herself to Canadian women from Belle Isle to Victoria. Every month she will contribute sparkling bits of gossip, news and sidelights on life as seen through a woman's eyes.

HERE is 1915—"the year of trouble," for which the old chap who has just given up the ghost was forerunner or precursor. On goes the war, the horrible world-war, until we have become half used to reading terrible news of atrocious, of inhuman suffering. Time and again in imagination, in odd flashes of memory, of what might well seem but a picture of war, or a sham war that occurred years ago in Cuba, one has seen the whole horror of what happens in the trenches in Europe, of lonely deaths deep in the rich grain fields and little woods; of maniac women and old men mumbling among the ruins of their homes, of lost children crying for lost mothers. We have been full fed with war and all it's brutalities and atrocities, yet we are beginning a New Year with it. And the end! Who may tell it If, as is predicted, all nations will take a hand in it, may we not be fast approaching the last Battle, that of Armageddon? Meantime the best way is to Mark Tapley through it, and that is exactly what Tommy A. is doing.

IN no sense irreverently or vulgarly do we call the splendid little man who died in France in the early weeks of November "Bobs," but rather with a big love filling the heart. It was the good fortune of the Pedlar to have had, once in life, a hand-shake from Britain's biggest Empire-builder, and to see him invested with the cloak or insignia of Saint Patrick in Dublin Castle in 1897 in Company with H. R H. the Duke of York, now our own King George, who, as he will never see this, will, I take it, forgive our placing his name after that of Britain's dead hero

What a day that was! Fine and gay and sunshiny, the streets lined with people, important personages in levee dress and gold lace, popping in and out of carriages and the flower of Irish beauty,—believe me it is the real thing, ("Bravo!"from the man of the Crossroads who insists on reading over my shoulder) ready to do honor to St. Patrick, the Duke, and "Waterford Bobs." Irishwomen as a rule are tall and graceful and wear their clothes well, and here, on every side, one saw the piquant combination of deep blue eyes and black hair, the *blonde aux yeux noirs*," or the red-headed western girls with the dark eyes of their Spanish pirate forbears. No paint, or powder there and for why should there be since the fairy gift to an Irish colleen is a cheek like the rose and a skin like "new milk."

EARL ROBERTS AND ST. PATRICK

MY word! I can see as I write the great Hall of Saint Patrick, the sun streaming through the lofty windows, the banners of the Knights hanging in grand array, the prettiest girls in the world crowding the beautiful room and—well—just as fine men as went the other day from Valcartier to Salisbury Plain, waiting with eagerness the events which presently began with the solitary call of the bugler. Then the drums beat,—not as now—not with the death thrill in them, but gay and loud and jauntily, till the band drowned them with the Anthem of Empire. Silence, then six trumpeters announced with a blare of glorious noise the approach of Royalty.

First came the investiture of the Duke of York, our present King, and then, what one Irishwoman from overseas was awaiting with racing-heart—Bobs! One happened to be standing among a group of Lord Roberts' Irish relatives, and there were reasons that brought about a conversation, since one happened to be slightly acquainted with one or two of them. And what excitement and with what a dear, soft "brogue" did a lady cousin of his chatter about him, their great, big, wonderful little man! Silence again as uprose the the Grand Master to proclaim His Majesty's wish regarding Lord Roberts who, under the title of "The Right Honorable and Most Noble Lord Sir Frederick Sleigh, Baron Roberts of Kandahar in Afghanistan and of the City of Waterford in the Peerage of the United Kingdom, one of Her Majesty's Most Honorable Privy Council in Ireland, a Baronet of the United Kingdom, Knight Grand Cross of the Most Honorable Order of the Bath, Knight Grand Commander of the Most Eminent Order of the Indian Empire, Victoria Cross, a Field-Marshal in the Army, Commander of the Forces in Ireland, Mast of the Royal Hospital of Kilmainham," was presently fetched like a bad little boy from behind the door and brought in between two elders for punishment. He looked so little and so manly in his trailing blue cloak, and yet so big and brave and sturdy. And the cousin was crazy, dear soul, with joy and pride and she told us he was to take tea with them somewhere in the Rothmines' Road and that "ever so many people were coming to be presented to him," just to hold that valiant hand for a moment and look into the clearest blue eye that ever shone in a man's head. In a moment it was all over. Bobs in his blue cloak which seemed to extinguish him for the moment trailed down the hall. His blue banner swished three times as he made the round of the Chapter, then the band crashed, the trumpets sounded, the drums beat a merry tan-ta-ra-tan-ta-ra! and the brilliant assemblage drifted to the streets where Erin's tears were falling. She is always laughing uproariously, or weeping, my beloved Eire. There was a great shouting for carriages and ancient gold-laced personages, whose broughams had got lost somehow, might be seen gathering up their red coat-tails and scurrying to shelter along with many a lace petticoat.

And what pretty ankles the Dublin girls have! "Faith an' you never said a truer word than that last," says the crusthore over my shoulder. And now, as Kipling says, "Three Hundred miles of cannon spoke when the Master-Gunner died."

But "Bobs" is not dead. Like Wellington, Drake, Nelson, and the rest of a gallant company, "Bobs" is immortal!

PRONUNCIATION OF WORDS

IT seems desirable that there should be some concensus of opinion with regard to the pronunciation of words in ordinary use. There is no good reason for diversity, and there is much to be said for uniformity. I am speaking now of course of what may be called ordinary newspaper English, and that, I take it, is the ordinary language of most of the English speaking races.

I shall be met at once by the assertion that the 170 odd millions who read newspapers printed in English do not all pronounce what they read in the same way. Let a Scotchman or a Welshman or an Irishman or an American start to read out the war news to his wife and they will each read it rather differently. Still, there are some words on which all are more or less agreed. There is that word, for instance, that has been of late on everybody's lips—the word "allies." People will put the accent on the first syllable of it, notwithstanding that by an overwhelming majority British philologists have determined that it should be on the second. Not only the philologists but the rank and file of the Empire—that rank and file which in these days is being welded together as never before in the dread fires of war—these have chosen always to accent "allies" in the same way as 'alive' or "alone" viz., on the second syllable. It is not in accordance with British Empire usage to say "dee-fect," or "ree-cess," or "add-ress." In each of these words the accent should be on the last syllable. I know that in some dictionaries—notably in Webster's we are frequently given two pronunciations either of which we may use. But for my part I would rather have a dictionary that does not trim in this way and try to run with the hare and the hound at the same time. I like a dictionary that gives you just one pronunciation and sticks to it. This is perhaps a small matter to mention in the face of the terrible events that are making life a continuous atmosphere of catastrophe. But for people with any sort of an ear for the niceties of language a mispronunciation of that ennobled word "allies" is as bad as a discord in music.

THE BATTLE OF PRAGUE

BY the way, speaking of music, does anybody in these days remember "The Battle of Prague," an instrumental piece that our grandmothers used to play on the piano with great gusto?

Many an early Victorian girl in white muslin, ringlets, and hoops, sat down at the piano at an "evening party" such as they used to have in those days, and felt that now she would have an opportunity of showing what she could do. How diligently she had practised that piece at her boarding school, and even since her education was "finished," to the great admiration of her parents., The young gentleman who begged the privilege of turning over the pages of her music was attired in a long-tailed coat, tight-fitting trousers, an embroidered waistcoat, and a white or black stock, so high that he could scarcely look over it. How agitated they both were! How Miss Victoria felt her heart go thump as she struck the first full, thrilling cords! By the end of the second page, the young man's hand trembled with sympathetic excitement.

This was indeed a vivid representation of war. For the "Battle of Prague" was nothing if not descriptive. It did not leave you to your imagination either, for scattered over the staves there were words that told you when it was a "charge of cavalry," the "bringing up of artillery," or the "cries of the wounded," that were being portrayed. It frequently settled the business of any susceptible young man who happened to be turning over the fair musician's pages. If he did not propose the same evening, he at any rate uttered such words of abject admiration as made Miss Early Victoria's innocent maiden cheek "mantle" with ingenuous blushes. In those days maidens' cheeks always "mantled." If they didn't "mantle" they were "suffused." Dear old days!

PICKLES

OF course you have put down, or is it "put up" your pickles: but a belated Pedlar has left this task to the last. Forgive my mention of it, but war or no war, pickles must be made. Many a woman would struggle to make her pickles even though she felt she would soon have to take to her bed for the last time. Hence the smell of the boiling vinegar and spices, dear to the nostrils of the feminine head of the household if she has been brought up that way. Of course she may be above pickles. Her mind may dwell on higher things, such as Browning or Maeterlinck. Or she may be of the haughty and languid variety suitable for sitting back in an auto and looking superior. Not for her anything so vulgar as the tender and crisp pickled onions or the celery piccalilli. But the thoroughbred housewife does not despise those same comestibles, tearful though the job of peeling onions may be. Yea, she sliceth the purple cabbage with hearty vigour, and is friendly to the chow-chow that is made when the tomato is green, not to mention the small and succulent cucumber. Nor will she fail to possess many a special recipe of her own for the making of these delectable condiments. Sometimes she is rather jealous and exclusive about these same recipes, and is chary of giving them even to her nearest and dearest friends. They are "her" pickles and she has got a name for them. She feels that her pickles form one of her assets. Why should she share her knowledge and experience with every trolloping jade that happens to come along? Let her get her own recipes.

FRIENDS IN WAR TIME

CLEANING house late in the Autumn, one spent days poking about the lumber in the big attic. It is a task we love. All the memories of all the years seemed to be stored in the garret. Here are the trunks that have travelled the world over. The old Elephant, drooping and gray, which has been thro' "wars alarums;" the newer basket trunk which has carried a trousseau and the crape of mourning. The little cabin boxes which have accompanied you on many a sea trip, and have seen you in all the discomfiture of sea-sickness—the suit cases, kit bags, bonnet boxes that carried your necessities and your fineries, here they are covered with luggage labels: reminders every one of a life of travel, adventure and romance now fallen into the quiet of the grey years, but once so vibrant with joy, so bitter with grief—so golden, so gay! And rooting among forgotten things one came upon the hat worn through the Cuban war, a frightful piece of head-gear with which we once terrified the staid young clerk who officiated behind the desk at the uptown New York hotel where we registered the day of landing back into what we call "civilization."

Not for dollars would we part with the little old ruin that fell out of a bandbox yesterday. Sitting on the dusty floor with the crumpled bit of straw and ribbon, the years unfolded solemnly, the great gates of the Past opened, and we slipped in to wander awhile up and down the never-to-be forgotten ways where we gathered the roses and the rue. Crushed is the crown; the brim is warped into sarcastic curves, the bow, save the mark! is flattened in a stale and dusty pancake sort of way. And yet. . . . .

One remembers the day it was bought in a little milliner's shop in Key West, and the day we first wore it—or rather the night. It was when the first wounded came back from Cuba. We saw in inward vision the hopeless looking ship—the torchlight, the crippled lads—the dead—the lonely, awful dead. We remembered that night the Red Cross Yacht put out with us on board for Santiago trying to Cross the Gulf in a Long Island pleasure craft; the tooting of the press boats. . . . . the deep voices of

the Monitors bidding us God speed! and outside—with the harbour mined—the wreck—the lying in the pit of the gray sea until the dawn!

They were playing Tannhauser on the flagships, little clown hat, the night you and I sailed into Guantanamo Bay; and the gray old hulks of Ceavera, we saw them too, and San Juan, and "Bucky" O'Neill you remember, shot in the mouth and spinning like a top before he fell— And coming home! the hurricane that battered you, little Bowery hat, the pest ship, the mountainous, gray, lonely seas, the dying and dead men . . . . And then to be laughed at in the New York hotel until we told the men reading their papers and using their toothpicks in the hotel rotunda that we were just back from the war and—and. . . . . it was then I think we broke down, and you didn't shade eyes that were weeping when the men stood up and lifted their hats. Go back into your crazy bandbox—little old army hat—you and I have been through too much together not to keep together now to the end.

HOW LONG, O LORD!

THE world has been drenched in blood by land and sea—When will the command "Halt!" ring down the lines? Unfortunate women of the warring nations pay war's toll with their hearts., It is apprehended that the Kaiser may take his own life in the hour of overwhelming defeat which is most certainly approaching. It requires strength of character for a sane human being deliberately to take his own life. The Kaiser can cheerfully sacrifice the lives of his people—even of boys of fifteen. But note how careful he is to have his own person fully protected? The "blonde beast" is surely large within this thing which masquerades in human garb.

THE TRAITOR

EVERYBODY is talking Nietzsche and Bernhardi, when they ought to be reading and quoting from the Bible of Germany which was written, by the way, by an Englishman, or Britisher rather, who can trace his ancestry back on one side to English parentage for a couple of hundred years, and on the other to good Scots blood, by name Houston Stewart Chamberlain. This hater of his own race and all pertaining to it is the man who is responsible for the "Kultur" that is smashing nations and making widows and orphans by the million. His book "The Foundations of the Nineteenth Century," written twenty years ago and only recently translated by Lord Reresdale, has been the Bible of Germany. The present generation has been brought up on it. The Kaiser presented a copy to every school in Germany. Nietzsche's so-called "philosophy" is but a book of fairy tales compared to the teaching of German conceit and vanity contained in the volume written by a traitor to his race and his blood. Nietzsche, who spent the last five years of his life walking like a beast on all fours, and eating off the floor—was a brainless ass, alongside the astute Anglo-Scot who has lived from his childhood in Germany and preached the immeasurable superiority of the German in every phase of human activity. He is a man of vivid mentality, and wide learning, yet he has taught only contemptuous arrogance, insane vanity, and Super-manism to the foolish Germans. Forget Nietzsche, and the rest. Study the Britisher, Houston Stewart Chamberlain, and you will find the key to present day German Kultur. Culture! let us never use the word again. It hurts the ear.

"THE DESTROYER."

A dwarfish thing of steel and fire,
My iron nerves obey
The bidding of my crafty sire,
Who drew me out of clay,
And sent me forth, on paths untrod,
To slap his puny clan.
A slave of hell, a scourge of God—
For I was made by Man.

When foul fog-curtains droop and meet
Athwart an oily sea;
My rhythmic pulse begins to beat:
'Tis hunting time for me.
A breathing swell is hardly seen
To stir the emerald deep,
As through that ocean jungle green
I, velvet-footed, creep.

And lo! my prey, a palace reared
Above an arsenal,
By lightning's viewless finger steered,
Comes on—majestical.
The mists before her bows dispart:
And 'neath that Traitor's Gate,
The royal vessel, high of heart,
Sweeps, queen-like, to her fate.

Too confident of strength to heed
The menacing faint sound,
As from their leash, like bloodhounds freed,
The snub torpedoes bound.
She does not note them quartering wide,
Nor guess what lip is this,
That presses on her stately side
Its biting Judas kiss.

Till with a roar that frights the stars,
Her cracking timbers rend;
And lurid smoke and flaming spars
In one red storm ascend;
Whose booming thunder drowns the cries
Of myriad souls in pain,
Where tossed on turbid waters lies
My quarry, torn in twain.

Awhile I watch her, half in fear;
There needs no second blow:
A full-gorged lynx that leaves the deer,
My hunger filled—I go
The stricken monarch may not mark
What foe her trust betrayed,
For swiftly as it came, the bark
Slinks back into the shade.

A will more strong than steel or fire
Controls my fiercest play
My cruelty, handed sure
Who dragged me forth from clay
He, too, claims kindred with the clod,
Through some divinest plan,
Half imp of hell, half child of God,
The murder-angel Man."

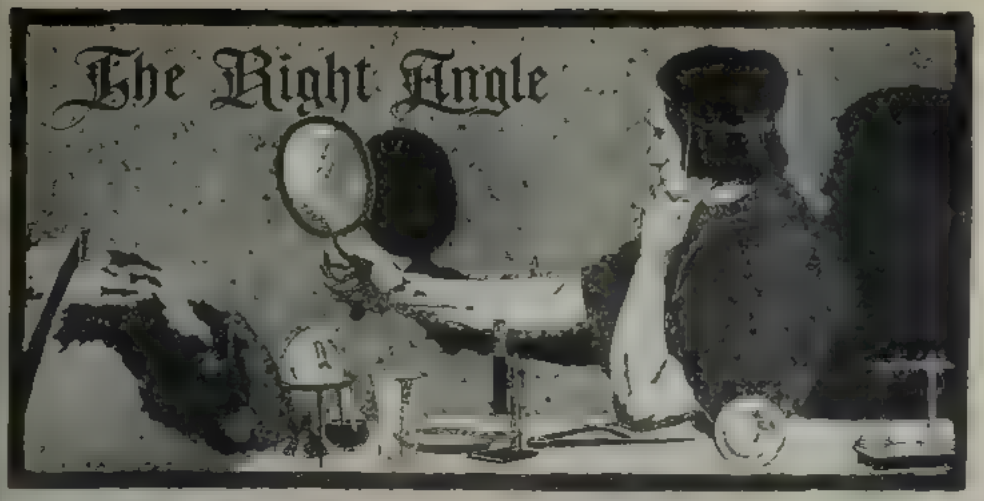
LITTLE ECONOMIES

ALL our lady friends are talking economy these days. "You know, the war my dear!" some of them say in a vague sort of way. "We really must economize." One dear soul is economizing on sugar. She buys brown now, instead of white sugar, and then she went wild over a sale that occurred in her town the other day. She bought piles of useless remnants, mouse traps by the half dozen because they were only two cents apiece, cheap gloves—that shocking economy!—by the package, and extraordinary kitchen utensils she would never need. Next day she groaned over the price of starch and declared that her grocer who used to give her three of something for a quarter, now gives only two.

Most people have what they call their pet economy. Many men spend cottons or charity for their matches. You will see a man address another, a complete stranger, and ask him for a "light." They have everything else ready for their smoke, but depend on the benevolence of the public for their matches. Others are bootlace mad. They take short views of life when it comes to bootlaces seeming to regard such necessities as a sort of deadly extravagance. They hang on to a bootlace until it grows gray and snarls itself up in knots of vexation at working overtime. In a moment of temper it snaps, and the economist expends time, labor, breath and expletives knotting the broken ends together and so saving his pence.

We know women who regularly economize on the collection plate in church. They are absorbed in prayer when it makes its dismal little round. Such a one will pay a fancy price for her winter hat, but she will economize on the wretched beggar who asks a penny for a bed or a cup of drink—at her door. It requires more charity to give a cold and trembling wretch a coin though you know he will spend it on a glass of beer. Yet we refuse, not because we are practically good, but to make the wretched man's need the necessity for our economy.

Well, well, Lloyd George has put a penny tax on a pint of beer for man, and three pence on a pound of tea for the woman—and presently no doubt, our own fatherly Government will do likewise with ourselves all to buy a world-peace which would never have been disturbed had not a criminal madman flung his crown into the ring.



LOUIS HOW'S POETRY

SOME poets splash their souls on leagues of sky. They write heart's blood stuff, vivid, often painful, incomplete at best—greatest, perhaps, when least finished. They live and write simultaneously, and the result is seldom drawn to scale or subjected to the rules of art and the size o' the frame. Other poets are miniature painters, makers of careful, exquisite, unforgettable little pictures, finished to the last sunkiss on the least curl.

That's the kind of poe ry that you find in Louis How's slender volume, "Barricades" (Sherman, French & Company, Boston). Read it when you're quiet, when you have a drowsy summer-sunshine feeling, or when the snap of the pine log lulls your mind into restful contemplation of life's finished minutenesses. You can taste each separate word. You can pick them up, jewel-like, one after the other, on their cord of melody. You can let them purl themselves through the remotenesses of your brain. Then you can let them all slip back again into one perfect, charming whole, whose patiently-forged workmanship hides itself in its own completeness. This is particularly true of the sonnets, whose form demands exact handling before everything. Take this one:

A little cottage on the ocean shore,
Where we were happy, where we were alone.
At night the wind might wail, the water moan,
But we within were happy as before.
O man and nature too we shut the door,
Had no companionship beyond our own
How far away the forms of fear were flown!
How quiet hope! We wanted nothing more.
O musing fancies flickered with the fire,
While we were sitting silent, hand in hand.
And as a flame flares up and disappears,
It all is ashes now. And my desire
turning back and listens on the strand
The ocean murmurs louder than the years

It has always been my idea that the O. Henry method of concluding a story on the top note, ought to apply to verse also. This is strikingly carried out in Mr. How's work. Almost invariably the last line carries the thrill. Watch for it in the lyric "The King of the Golden Mountain":

The King of the Golden Mountain
Is very weak and grey,
He sits by the garden fountain
And watches the sunlit spray

He hears in the water-splashes
The sounds of lusty noise,
And under his lowered lashes
Are visions of vanished joys

The prince, in a heat from hawking,
Draws near with wary tread,
And troubles the peace with talking:
He wishes the king were dead.

In "Moonlight on the Roofs" Mr. How gets the deep tone of the city, a thing from which miniature-painting poets generally shrink. As the vague sense-picture of moonlight is the one he wishes to leave, rather than the semi-sketched night figures, he returns to repetition and diminuendo in his last lines:

No quieter the moon shines down
Upon the country than the town
The passers in the streets to-night,
Who hum of love, or peer in fright,—
And never heed the far-off hoofs,
The motor whizzing fast and shrill,—
If they would look, could see the roofs
That lie there silvery and still.

But criminals, and homeless folk,
And those that only just awoke
And silent from a secret bed
With noiseless parting kisses fled,
Have many other thoughts to think
Besides of moons that hang aloof
And make the sleepy windows wink
And scatter silver on a roof

And here's a little one called "Tiergarten," which is delicate enough to set in a locket and hang on a thin gold chain.

The chestnuts drop their leaves of gold,
The Sunday sunshine's nearly cold,
An old man looks with tender eyes
Upon a half grown girl, and sighs

THE LIFE OF AN AUTOMATON

"WESBLOCK," by H M. Walters (J. M. Dent & Sons), announces itself in its subtitle as the autobiography of an automaton. It is written as a first-person confession, and the author certainly got the character across. You can't really admire Wesblock; you can't love or look up to him; you can't even pity such a compound of smugness and inadequacy. He is in love, but unfaithful; borrows money, spends it, gambles it, invests it, and borrows more; he finally worms his way into the Civil Service by means of "dirty work" done for King and Country. Even after that he keeps pulling at the coattails of his friends, the Minister and the Senator, for advancement to still further undeservednesses. Add that he has a frenzy for the stage, and wears his hair long—you have "Wesblock."

HELP THE CHILDREN.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:—

THANKS for the privilege of appealing through your columns on behalf of the Hospital for Sick Children. The Hospital takes care of sick and deformed children, not only in Toronto, but in the Province, outside of the city.

This coming year, of all the years in the Hospital's history, has a more serious outlook, as regards funds for maintenance, than any year that has passed its calendar

So many calls are being made on the purses of the generous people of Toronto and Ontario, to help the soldiers of the Empire, that as I make my daily rounds through the wards of the Hospital, and see the suffering children in our cots and beds, the thought strikes me as to whether the people will as of old, with all the demands made upon them, answer our appeal and help to maintain the institution that is fighting in the never-ending battle with disease and death, in its endeavor to save the stricken little ones in the child-life of Ontario.

Last year there were 394 in-patients from 210 places outside of Toronto, and in the past twenty years there have been 7,000 from places in the Province other than Toronto.

It costs us $2.34 per patient per day for maintenance. The municipalities pay for patients $1.00 per patient per day; the Government allows 20 cents per patient per day; so, deducting $1.20 from $2.34, it leaves the Hospital with $1.14 to pay out of subscriptions it receives from the people of Toronto and the Province. The shortage last year ran to $18,000.

Since 1880 about 1,000 cases of club feet, bow legs and knock knees have been treated, and of these 900 had perfect correction. Nearly all these were from different parts of the Province outside of the City of Toronto.

Remember that every year is a war year with the Hospital; every day is a day of battle; every minute the Hos-

pital needs money, not for its own sake, but for the children's sake. The Hospital is the battleground where the Armies of Life have grappled with the Hosts of Death, and the life or death of thousands of little children is the issue that is settled in that war. Will you let the Hospital be driven from the field of its battle to save the lives of little children for the lack of money you can give and never miss?

Every dollar may prove itself a dreadnought in the battle against death, a flagship in the fleet that fights for the lives of little children.

Remember that the door of the Hospital's mercy is the door of hope, and your dollar, kind reader, may be the key that opens the door for somebody's child

Will you send a dollar, or more, if you can, to Douglas Davidson, Secretary-Treasurer, or

J. ROSS ROBERTSON,
Chairman of the Board of Trustees,
Toronto.

OPEN WATER

"A BOOK of verses underneath the bough" is to-day an impossibility. We don't have the boughs close up under the Stock Exchange for one thing, and for another, modern poetry is apt to be so vitally gripping that it and a doze in the shade wouldn't go together.

Personally, I've carried Arthur Stringer's "Open Water" (John Lane and Co.), through nearly a week of strap-hanging, lunch-counter-eating days before I've been content to leave it at home. And the verse that can get you, clear down to the last pulse of your heart, when you're in the act of ordering Oyster Stew, is surely some poetry. Maybe Mr. Stringer won't like this low-brow tribute. But I have hopes that he will, because I somehow think that he'd rather write for the 8.30 a.m. crowd that really does things—even if it only types—than for the other kind that lounges down at noon.

In his foreword, the author defends his drifting away from all rhyme, and even rhythm in the accepted sense, on the ground that "verse, in the nature of things, has become less epic and racial, and more lyric and personal," and that therefore, "the larger utterance of blank verse" is equally to be decried with "the jingling sounds of like endings." Poetry is not "an intellectual exercise, but the immortal soul of perplexed mortality seeking expression," and its primary function is "both to intellectualize sensation and to elucidate emotional experience."

Rhythm or no rhythm, Mr. Stringer's verse undoubtedly lives up to his own definition. The only criticism to be made, it seems to me, is that, if he has any sort of philosophy of life other than that we are to be ground between the millstones of circumstance and had best take it uncomplainingly, he gives us no glimpse of it. Mr. Stringer's world holds love and pity and terror, the scarlet and black of tragedy, the hot gold of passion, but nowhere does he give us the far faint white light of hope beyond it all. Personally, if I believed his philosophy, I couldn't read his poems. Since I have my own creed, I can appreciate, undisturbed, the splendid, glowing, sobbing emotion-sketches that he flings out to me.

Here's the kernel of the book and the best poem in it:

LIFE

A rind of light hangs low
On the rim of the world
A sound of feet disturbs
The quiet of the cell
Where a rope and a beam looms high
At the end of the yard.

But in the dusk
Of that walled yard waits a woman:
And as the thing from its cell,
Still guarded and chained and bound,
Crosses that little space,
Silent, for ten brief steps,
A woman hangs on his neck.

And that walk from a cell to a sleep
Is known as Life,
And those ten dark steps
Of tangled rapture and tears
Men still call Love.

Doing a Daniel

Continued from page 160.

"By the time we gets to Kokomo, we're Demon and Pythias. Romeo and Jooliet was enemies compared to us, and Hamlet and Ophelia hated each other's signatures on a promissory note. Estelle couldn't spare me long enough even to give me time to get a drink, and I had to have all my meals brought into the theayter to me.

"I had to swear off smoking complete, except when there wasn't no one around; for I couldn't even go outside the stage door for a cigarette but what Estelle would be whooping and howling and yowling and yelping so that people would come running from every which way; and once the Society for the Invention of Cruelty to Animals got after us; and I had to put my head in Estelle's mouth and show the places where his hair was coming out from high feeding to prove that I wasn't maltreating him.

"He loved me so that we could hardly get him to stay on the stage while the leading lady was saving her lover from him. The only way we could work it at all was for me to stay with him until the last minute and then to stand out as far in the wings as I dared and whisper to him. And even then the whole scene had to be played in the time it took Estelle to turn around and make his exit

'One night the manager came around and he says:

'Now, look a here, he says to me. This thing was gotter quit. It's getting worse every time. Here's me trying to play that whole thing straight, and every night [illegible] thrilling impressiveness. Way he leading lady has to come on like [illegible] the first swipe she makes at [illegible] bonds, the lion's got his back [illegible] and is on his way home. It won't do.

'Now,' he goes on, I want you to keep out of the way [illegible] and let her lead him out to the stage. Don't quick when he don't look and maybe he'll [illegible] thinking, things ain't going right.'

"Well, I done what he told me. And that night, before even the leading lady could reach the leading man Estelle had turned around and hearing my footsteps [illegible] through the back drop curtain with the result that he tore it down and there we was exposed to the gaze of the audience a full view of Estelle kissing me like we'd been [illegible] after years of separation, the manager cussing a blue streak and the company and stage hands laffing and slapping their legs fit to kill. It was the most appreciated scene we ever [illegible] but it didn't seem to make no hit with the management. They [illegible] us and we had to lay off there for the week.

"By the time we opens in the next burg, this brainy manager of ours framed up a new scheme.

"'I'll lead him on myself,' he says. 'You can duck right after the second act. Then we'll let him hunt all around until he knows you ain't there, and maybe he'll be contented to do the scene [illegible] course he'll howl and all that; but that'll only lend extry color to the thing.'

"'All right,' I says, though I was mighty dubious about the lustre of the idea. 'You're the doctor.'

"I done what he told me to. Right after the curtain had fell on the second act, I beat it out the stage door.

"I could hear Estelle already yelling and yowling and wauling fit to make a siren whistle ashamed of itself and my heart ached for him in his loneliness. But I wouldn't go back. 'Orders is orders,' I says, and I strolled around to the front of the house.

"'What's the matter in there?' asks the man on the door, as, I waltzes into the lobby. 'That dam,' answered door-mat you've got in behind is tearing it off so the audience is frightened to death. Three women has fainted already and the people is going out

faster 'n I ever seen 'em come in in my life. Look a' there.'

"I looked. Seventeen people was all at once trying to get out through a door that was originally intended to accommodate a thin guy going sideways.

"'I guess I better go inside,' I says.

"'I guess you'd better,' says the doorman. 'There ought to be at least one person in there for the actors to play to.'

"By violent efforts I manages to get inside and work my way half-way down a side aisle, so's to be out of the rush.

"I could hear 'em on the stage setting scenery at a rate fit to bust the speed ordinances into chunks; and I knowed the manager had saw how things was going, but was ashamed to admit that his idea was a frost, and so was trying to get the scene over with and reyoonite me and Estelle before the audience had went home.

"The curtain rung up in a jiffy; and of course the people that was still in the theayter turned to look. Poor Estelle was nosing around the stage, dragging the mountain after him, and aiming his one good eye this way and that in a frantic effort to find me, and all the while letting out roars and yowls and yips and yells that made the photograph frames in the lobby rattle.

"He only had one good eye. But that one was certainly a peach. In less than a minute he had spotted me; and with one delighted, joyous beller of pure happiness, he leaps over the footlights, still towing the mountain after him, and begins to spraddle his way jubilantly across the backs of the seats to the spot where I'm standing.

"Of course, for what was left of the audience, that was a-plenty, and then some. They stood not on the order of their going. They just went. How they done it is too many for me. The light people climbed over the heavy ones, and the thin people crawled under the fat ones. Winders or doors, it was all the same to them. I couldn't tell you any more about it to save my life. All I know is that in less 'n thirty seconds me and Estelle is standing alone in that vast ampitheayter, listening to the manager say soothingly from the stage:

"'It's all right, ladies and gents. They is really no cause for alarm, I ashore you. It's all right, ladies and gents.' And when at last he reelizes that it's only me and Estelle he's talking to, he says, kind of helpless and feeble-like, 'Well, wha' d' yer know about that!' and tries to walk through the curtain."

The property man ceased speaking and thoughtfully gazed into his beer.

"And what then?" I queried.

"I got me two weeks' notice," he returned succinctly.

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"For what?" I demanded, in some surprise

"You can search me," he returned; and then, with the disdain and hauteur of the true historian, "Only the good Lord knows why they do the things they do do in some companies. But they gives as a excuse that they thought if they got some one that Estelle didn't love so much as he did me, maybe they could get him to stay on the stage long enough to let them play the scene."

"And Estelle," I persisted. "Wh... became of him?"

The property man was gazing into his beer with saddened eyes.

I reiterated my query.

"Oh, Estelle!" he exclaimed, banishing with an effort the clinging mists of retrospection. "*Estelle committed sui...*"

"What!" I cried.

"Yes," he nodded sadly. "And they rewrote his part for a stuffed tiger."

Rescuing Mary

Continued from page 162.

said the Inspector, turning to Peter, who stood gazing down the stairs ... them. "You aren't to see that woman again. She's going to a house where they won't allow a man inside the door. You've got to keep the Canadian laws. Understand? You wouldn't treat one of your own women that way, would you?"

Peter turned his big head slowly around

"Where's she going?" he asked, politely.

"It doesn't concern you where she going," roared out the Inspector, whose voice was nearly as tired trying to explain the law as his heart was of having to enforce it.

But I want to send me money ... replied Peter, ... of the Law with the ... year-old

The Inspector, bereft of words, stalked down the stairs, and in a ... of ashes and garbage in the front ... he unburdened his heavy soul.

"Now, that's done. But what's the use. She's mad and she wants him and we'll have to watch them all the time. And how's she to keep ... three children and bring them up the way Canadian girls should be? ... couldn't stay in this Dago hole. What sort of a life is it for her now? Take those three to the Creche every morning, slaving away all day, and then calling for them again at night, all tired ... and ... It isn't a dog's life. After ... it easy and comfortable here with ... man she liked. But we can't stand for that kind of thing, now can we?"

He was a different man this. Peter wouldn't have known him, for he had a light in his eyes that wouldn't have spoiled a Madonna.

"We've no mother's pensions. If we had that, the girl would never have had to come to a four-dollar-a-week job in a Dago joint. She'd have had her own home and a chance with the babies. Fine babies those, weren't they? Never saw finer. I've one of my own at that.

He shoo'ed away a dissipated grey cat from the potato peelings and started out the door, still soliloquizing.

"But, just the same the Government's got to help us with these Macedonian boarding-houses and restaurants. The Chinese are half way decent because they only eat in theirs, and they've a clean, open place, but the men in these holes live there all day. The girl is right with them all the time. They pass in and out and lounge round. They've no women of their own out here, but half of them have their wives back home. And now this winter, with so many girls out of work, and these places giving four dollars a week and not much to do—*and* their meals—what are we going to do?"

A window banged, and looking up we saw that the yellow blinds in the room with the nursery paper, where Peter was alone, were drawn down.

Just a week after this the Probation Officer met the S. and P. on the street.

"How's Mary?"

Don't know," returned the Probation Officer, whose daily diet is serpents' teeth. "She took the children out on Tuesday, and we haven't seen them since."

Folk Songs

Continued from page 165.

column in our papers reserved for just such outpourings from "Outraged," "Sarcastic" and Pro Bono Publico, and people generally who felt "kind of worse." But, apparently, poets have even more scope in the older lands. Where Halka as a child saw an old woman following her drunken husband to his grave and wailing "Who will give me my whiskey now?" a poet would have made a song as a matter of course, and the jest might have drifted down a century or so. Death, because it is so natural, is not very terrible in the peasant viewpoint; it is so lightly regarded at times that one shudders a little at what seems callousness and irreverence. It enters into childish games, yet no one is saddened by it. The Countess Martinengo-Cesaresco, in "The Study of Folk-Songs" says: "To play at funerals was doubtless a very ancient amusement. No doubt some such game as the Sicilian one just described is alluded to in the text, "children sitting in the markets and calling unto their fellows and saying, We have piped unto you and ye have not danced, we have mourned unto you and ye have not lamented.'"

Halka sings gay or melancholy snatches as she scrubs her floors, songs of the bride, or lullabies, or ditties dealing with unrequited love. In her country the bride and bridegroom separate after the ceremony at the church, going to their respective homes and making merry until the evening. Then the husband calls for his wife, and a collection of money is taken up for the newly-wedded pair. The bride stands at the threshold of her mother's house and sings:

"Mother mine, keep well—for now we two must part!
Say not that I've taken all, I pray you have no fears;
Lo, upon the table I am leaving—tears!
While outside more tears shall fall caused by my sad heart."
"O my Mary, go then; leave me quite alone,

Are you a helper or just a wife?

ARE you, without thinking, making it harder for your husband by wasting his earnings—wasting them down the sink?

That's where lots of money and home happiness and children's chances go; and cleaners are often responsible. The waste-pipe gets what the kettle *should* get. And though you don't *mean* to shake money away, that's practically what happens—every time a wasteful cleaner is used.

Be a *helper*—not "just a wife."

Do your share. Save. Start right in saving with your cleaner *now*. Reach for Sapolio, and think of the little bit you'll be "ahead" each single time you clean.

For you can't shake Sapolio into the sink when you mean it for a fork.

You can't shake it away anywhere. You can't spill it away.

You can only *wear* it away by exchanging it for the *shines* it puts into aluminum, brass work, enamel ware, kettles, knives, forks and the hundred things you want to twinkle and gleam and make bright—bright as the money you save with Sapolio.

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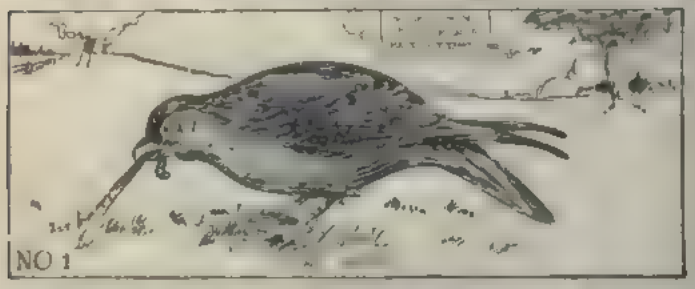
What Well-known English Proverbs Do These Pictures Represent?



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How to Enter This Great Contest

One of our clever cartoonists has completed a series of twelve Proverb Pictures, each one representing a well-known Standard English Proverb. We have chosen two of these pictures from the set (Numbers 1 and 4) which are shown above, and they are the only ones of the series which will be published in this paper.

In order to start you correctly we will tell you that picture Number 1 represents that well-known English Proverb "The Early Bird Catches the Worm." Now what proverb does picture number four represent?

You obtain entry to this great Contest by sending us the correct answer to picture Number four.

This starts you on the road to sharing in this stupendous distribution of prizes. If your answer is correct we will write and tell you so, and send you

FREE—A Fine Book of Standard English Proverbs and the Series of Twelve (12) Proverb Pictures Completing the Contest

The publishers of Canada's great [illegible] book will be mailed to you free. With it you will receive [illegible] pictures which complete the [illegible]. There will be no waiting or delay. All [illegible] will be presented [illegible]. The answers [illegible]

The senders of the winning answers, chosen by the judges in accordance with the conditions of the Contest (see simple rules below) will be awarded the magnificent prizes shown on the prize list to the right

Prizes are provided for everyone successfully solving the twelve Proverb Pictures. Every Contestant will be pleased.

This [illegible] Contest is being [illegible] by the Publishers of Everywoman's World, the oldest [illegible] Canada. [illegible] of the [illegible] will be delighted to have the people in your home [illegible] magazine so live, bright and entertaining [illegible] Everywoman's World. This great [illegible] offer is made [illegible] others. This great [illegible] offer is made [illegible]

2nd Prize
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Read Carefully the Simple Rules Governing Entry to the Contest.

1.—Write on one side of the paper only, your solution to proverb picture No. 4, and give your full name (stating Mr., Mrs. or Miss) and complete address. Anything else but your answer to picture No. 4 and your name and address should be written on a separate sheet of paper and should be confined to fifty (50) words.

2.—Members and employes of this firm, or relations of members or employees are Absolutely excluded from competing.

3.—Enclose with your answer two (2) two-cent stamps (4 cents.) This is to pay postage on the Book of English Proverbs, complete series of pictures, illustrated prize list, and free copy of "Everywoman's World," which we will mail to you.

4.—Different members of a family may compete, but only one prize will be awarded to any one family.

5.—All letters must be fully prepaid in postage.

6.—The Judging Committee will consist of five prominent Toronto business men whose names will be published in due course. Prizes will be awarded to correct or nearest correct answers in accordance with handwriting and general neatness and contestants must agree to abide by the decision of the judges.

7.—Contestants will be asked to show the copy of "Everywoman's World," which we will send to three or four friends or neighbors who will want to subscribe.

8.—As soon as your answer is received and found correct, we will write advising you and send you the complete series of proverb pictures and the Book of Famous English Proverbs, together with a copy of the current number of "Everywoman's World." Address your letters plainly to **Contest Manager.**

LIST OF PRIZES

1st Prize—FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS		$500.00
2nd	Handsome Upright Concert Piano Value	450.00
3rd	Shetland Pony Cart and Harness	250.00
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12th	English Gold Carved Bracelet and Chain	
13th	Reliance Vacuum Carpet Sweeper	
14th	97 piece Dinner Set	
15th	26 piece Silverware Set	
16th	English Gold Filled Bracelet	
17th	7 volume set of Chas. Dickens's Works	
18th	Three Stone Pearl Ring, solid gold	
19th	Ladies' Gold Filled Watch	
20th	Men's Gold Finished or Gun Metal Watch	
21st	Solid Gold Garnet Ring	
22nd	Set of Edgar Allen Poe's Works	5.00
23rd	21 piece Vienna Tea Set	5.00
24th	English Fountain Pen	5.00
25th	Set [illegible] Pens	5.00
26th	[illegible] Ring	5.00
27th	Set [illegible] Ring	5.00
28th	Set [illegible] Rings	5.00
29th	Set [illegible] Rings	5.00
30th	Set [illegible] Rings	5.00
Birthstone Set	Gold [illegible] for month of birth of winner Value	5.00
32nd	[illegible] Tea Set	5.00
33rd	Gramophone [illegible] Sweeper	5.00
34th	Par[illegible] Clock	5.00
35th	[illegible] Chain	5.00
36th	Ladies' Solid Gold Signet Ring	5.00
37th	Handsome Combination Dressing and Manicure Set	5.00
38th	Cut Glass Sugar and Cream Set	5.00
39th	Genuine Seal Hand Bag	5.00
40th	Handsome Doll and Go Cart	5.00
41st	Combination Ladies Purse	5.00
42nd	Beautiful Gilt Parlor Clock	5.00
43rd	[illegible]	5.00
44th	[illegible]	5.00
45th	Men's Gold Garnet Ring	5.00
46th	Imperial Water or Lemonade Set	5.00
47th	Handsome China Breakfast Set	5.00
48th	[illegible]	5.00
49th	Set [illegible]	5.00
50th	Year set of The Home Circle Library	5.00

and in addition to the above more than $3,000.00 worth of handsome valuable prizes will be awarded. Every contestant successfully solving the 12 pictures will be awarded a prize of value

Complete Prize List will be Mailed to You.

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CONTINENTAL PUBLISHING CO., Limited, Publishers of "Everywoman's World," Dept. C Toronto, Canada

Leave the flowers you used to tend—who will watch them grow ?
Who will plant more in the spring, in a pretty row ?
Who will water them when all the lovely buds are blown ?"—
"Some one else must water them. If I unhappy be
Why then should I just for flowers ever weep or sigh ?"
"Who will sweep from off the walk leaves that on them lie ?"—
"If my lover comes no more the dead leaves he won't see !"

A wedding even in this country and on city streets has still a remnant of its old spirit of song and gayety, witness the capture of the bride sometimes seen by astonished Winnipeg pedestrians; but the fun may degenerate into roughness and violence—I remember Polish Marinka telling me with pride that she was to have a policeman at her wedding—but there are the old songs, just the same. Sometimes they make up new ones—according to Halka. She says that if "a bunch of girls" do not like the men with them they sing to make them angry:

"Oh, you Winnipeg fellows !
You think you are very high-class.
You spend all your wages for smart clothes,
And at the end of the week you have no money;
Then on the Sunday you go to a Jew
And carry water for him at a cent a pail."

. . . .

My various servants of foreign extraction have proved exceedingly interesting to me, leading me to the sight of such quaint and out-of-the-way customs. Marinka took me to see the "Blessing of the Baskets" one Easter-tide, when every good housewife brought to church her basket of provisions for the great day—hard boiled eggs, sausage, bread, salt, cakes, butter, cheese, etc—to be blessed by the priest; he repeated the same words about every quarter of an hour to new knots of kneeling people, and all that Saturday long the laden women came and went; yet if Marinka had not told me of this ceremony I should probably never have guessed what was the meaning of all the basket-laden women on Selkirk Avenue.

I went to see Marinka married one May morning, but I missed the fete at her house. For weeks before the great day she had to sit up late at night learning many paragraphs of ritual in connection with her faith, and as she did not know until I told her that Christ was crucified as a malefactor on Good Friday, the spiritual side of her education had been much neglected, although she went to mass every Sunday.

The month of May is usually chosen for weddings among the Polish people in Winnipeg; there had been three before ten o'clock on the day Marinka was wed. Two youths, each lightly clasping an arm, brought her up the aisle, the groom being in advance, with the same escort of girls. Her white satin dress which had cost her twenty-five dollars, was strewn with the very expensive blossoms of the "meert" or myrtle the Polish wedding-flower, great sprays also resting on her veil. After the procession entered, the little gathering waited in chill silence in the huge church while those to be married went into the basement to make their confession and hear mass; then the altar was lighted (this appeared to be the test of the financial position of the bridegroom—it cost much money), and after that it seemed as if the tall lighted candles held by Marinka and her husband were the only bits of brightness in a world of shivering gloom. The priest rattled through the ceremony and in a pell-mell of bridal party, bridegroom, bride and rabble the church was suddenly emptied and the acolytes extinguished the altar radiance. I think they must do those things in prettier fashion in the old lands where there is not so much hurry.

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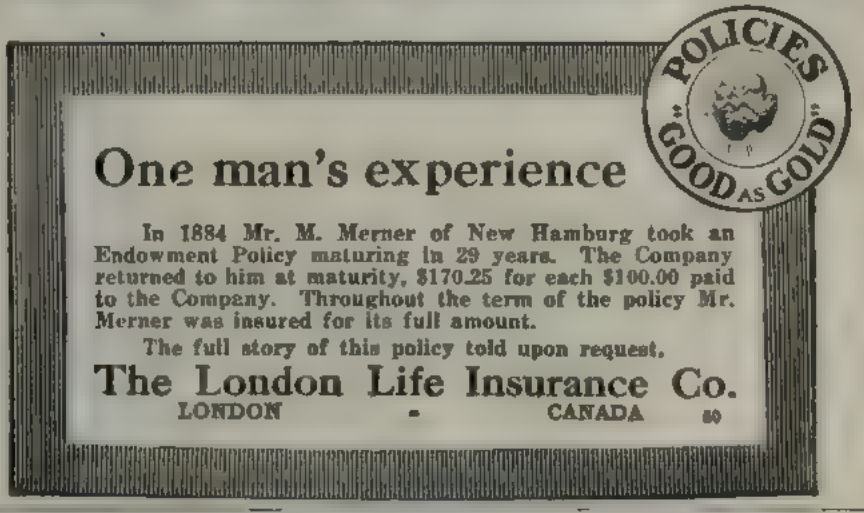
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Mrs. Murphy

Continued from page 176.

"Hold on, stranger," drawled the Northerner. "Hold the team and take 'em through one at a time. Now ante again."

"Well, who is the mayor ?" The citizen slowly told him, and the new arrival, seeming satisfied, the Northener impatiently said:

"Well, pardner ! Are you going to lay down your hand ? Ask me the other."

"Oh ! Isn't he the boss of this town ?"

"Well, yes. He is, and then, again, he ain't. You see Mrs. Murphy lives here."

Friend reader, let that one also pass. These are the opinions of to-day, and "Janey Canuck" believes that the things of to-day, be they opinion, books, works, land-marks, or monuments, should be preserved. She says:—

"We should file away even the things we think are trivial, for these little intimate private details will be studied by the generations that follow

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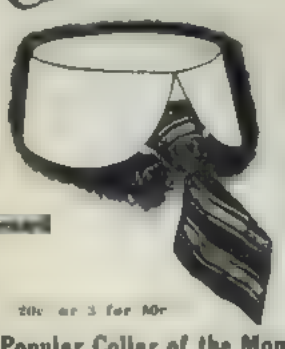

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What Does Uncle Sam Say?

Continued from page 155.

just decision, since its decisions rest on the very nature of things—" but the head of the family then storms off to bed and his tidy wife follows, after picking Bernhardi from the floor in the corner and laying him on the shelf.

Ex-President Charles W. Eliot of Harvard University, considered by many to be America's foremost man of letters, writing in the New York *Times*, says in part:

"The prime source of the present immense disaster in Europe is the desire on the part of Germany for world-empire, with the belief that it is only to be obtained by force of arms. . . . The German view of the worthlessness of international agreements was not a cause of the present war, because it was not fully evident to Europe, although familiar and of long standing in Germany; but it is potent reason for the continuance of the war by the Allies until Germany is defeated, because it is plain to all the nations to the world except Germany, Austria-Hungary and Turkey at the moment; that the hopes of mankind for the gradual development of international order and peace rest on the sanctity of contracts between nations, and on the development of adequate sanctions in the administration of international law. The new doctrine of military necessity affronts all law, and is completely and hopelessly barbarous."

Quite a difference in opinion between America's leading professor and the professors of the German universities, isn't there?

I don't think that ever in history has the United States had a warmer feeling for Great Britain. But it was not so many years ago when "twisting the Lion's tail" was a "sure bet" for an aspiring and perspiring American politician. Lord Salisbury helped in bringing about this change when he kept England steadily pro-American during their Spanish war. Mr. Asquith also aided in the good work when he met the life-long ambitions of the Irish-Americans to see their country granted self-government.

Here is another reason why America sides with England, trivial some may say, but I believe Canadians will appreciate it: With the exception of a few slang expressions and little tricks of phraseology that occasionally cause minor ructions amongst individuals and give the paragraphers great joy, the American speaks the language of the British Empire. The Englishman and American understand each other. Both countries use Pear's Soap, both shave their faces, both look upon the earth as consisting, like Caesar's Gaul, of three parts, i.e., English, Americans, and foreigners.

Which statement was beautifully illustrated not long ago at table in a cafe in Belgrade when an American writer and an English engineer were sitting together. The Englishman was vainly trying to tell a waiter that he wanted some Irish stew. Finally he turned to the American in disgust.

"Damn it!" he roared, "don't any of these foreigners understand English?"

And the American, laughing, understood the sentiment.

It is said that it was against the Hessian mercenaries of King George that the early American colonists fought most bitterly. When a man speaks your own language there's always a chance and a temptation to talk it over; but a man who can't understand *you* is a foreigner.

Then, looking at the situation from a commercial standpoint, Uncle Sam would be naturally bitter against the

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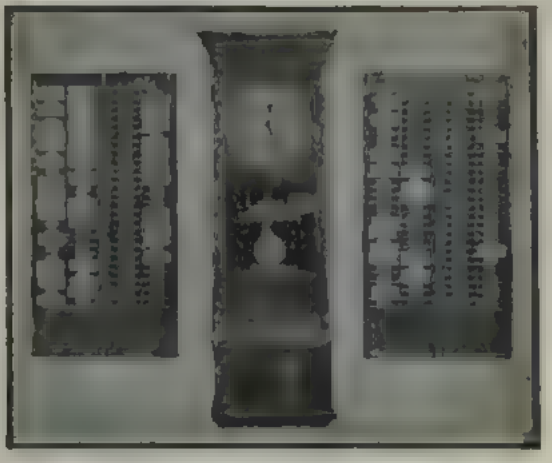

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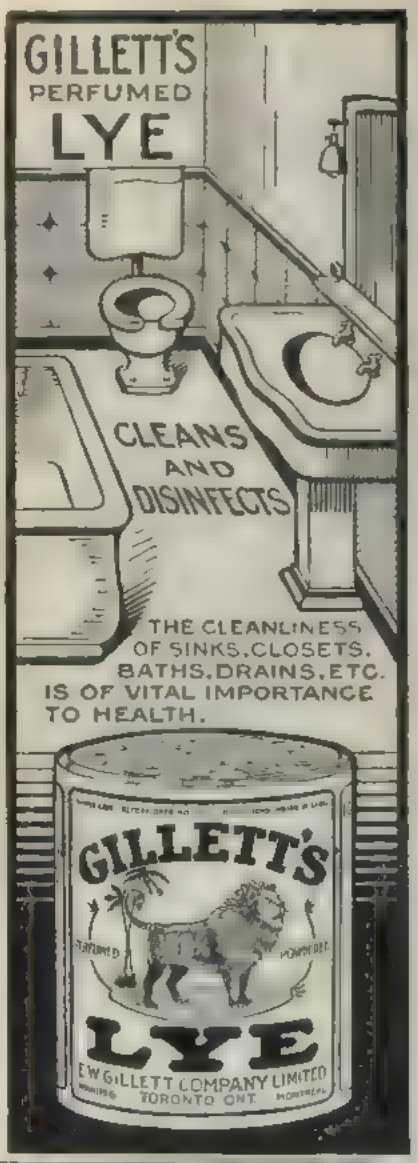

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aggressor in a war that upset his business and his three-meals-a-day-eight-hours-sleep routine. Business occupies a high altar in the United States. What if it will mean to them a gain of seventy-five million dollars in the wheat market? It has also resulted in the retention of ten million bales of cotton, which ordinarily would have gone abroad, has destroyed the local market for the remaining five million bales, and the spectre of ruin stalks by the side of the Southern cotton farmer and the Southern business man. But for this struggle the products of the cotton farmers would be worth to-day more than a billion dollars. They had to face winter and Christmastide without the means to procure even the necessities of existence, and their condition would indeed be desperate but for the "Buy a Bale" movement that has pervaded the rest of the country.

Briefly, the war forced the people of the United States to economize—and that is a practice that does not come easy with them. The United States requires from three to five hundred million dollars a year to pay her debt to Europe, for interest, ocean freights, insurance, etc. For forty years it has been paid with cotton, but that is impossible now. To offset this condition, fewer luxuries are imported, and a heavy war tax is being collected.

What if the war furnishes the United States an opportunity to expand foreign commerrce, advance in international finance and build up home industries to supply goods that have been imported from Europe:—these things require capital. She cannot borrow from Europe. Additions to her stock must come from her own earnings and savings

As Professor Usher points out, the winner of this war will be in a position to cut off American trade from South America. This could have been done long ago by Great Britain, because of her preponderate naval strength. The fact that she has not attempted to do it is all the evidence that Americans want that she will not do it. As far as Germany is concerned, there is no past experience on which to base a presumption. The Panama Canal was built with England's consent—indeed England actually cancelled treaties to remove obstacles from the way. The United States took Cuba and Porta Rica, and still holds Porta Rica with England's consent. England has never shown a disposition to interfere. If the Germans should win, by simply keeping American ships away, Germany could hold South America as a prize. American foreign trade is largely carried in English ships, but if Germany were to triumph it would be in her power to deprive Great Britain

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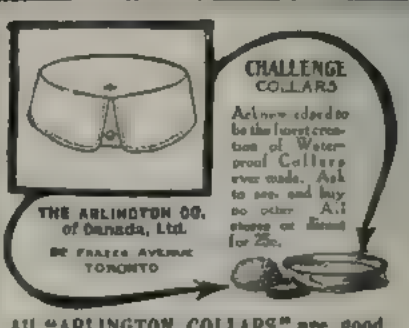

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of every vessel. Then the United States, still dependent upon ships flying another flag, could only send goods where the owners of the ships were willing they should go. Thus, in a perfectly peaceful way, the United States might be deprived of access to the world's markets.

These theoretical anticipations by Professor Usher have set America to thinking seriously. Someone has noted: "It is very significant that of all American comment upon the effect of the war on the United States, only in the event of a German victory is any disturbance feared. If the Allies win, the people of the United States know that instead of being menaced, a menace will have been removed from them."

Listen to what *Collier's Weekly* has to say on the subject: "We shall observe President Wilson's neutrality order rigidly. And yet suppose Germany *would* win? Suppose Germany occupied France, wiped out the British army and swept the British navy from the sea? Suppose all this had happened, and we in the United States had a day or two to think it over? What would we think and what would we do? Our own notion is that if we were guided by ordinary prudence we would instantly recognize the necessity of making our navy not less than seven times as strong as it now is and raising our standing army to a half-million. Our German-American friends who criticise us as being prejudiced against the Fatherland would then themselves realize the real situation. With a triumph of the military spirit and of absolutism in Europe, we Americans would have to step against our wills into the shoes that France has stood in now for forty years."

Uncle Sam has been made to think by such editorials as this. Just looking at the subject from a cold-blooded, detached, ratiocinative standpoint, how could Uncle Sam be other than pro-Ally from the bottom of his shoes to the top of his star-spangled skycot?

Von Bernhardi notes in one of his books the statement by von Edelsheim, a member of the general staff of the German army, that "Germany cannot seriously submit to the attacks of the United States forever," and that she must ask herself how she can "impose her will." Then he outlines his plans as to the proper way to defeat that country.

It was such skeletons as these that I found Uncle Sam digging out of the libraries and inspecting with eyes that hated. I heard a number of Americans discussing the impossible attitude of a certain German Admiral during the Spanish-American War, and the thorough lack of a sense of humor displayed by His Majesty of Prussia when an American naval officer admirably crystallized the Imperial Egotism in a song entitled "Me und Gott."

But back of the sympathies that are born of a common speech and a close inter-relation of citizenship, back of the self-interest that would guard against disturbed business conditions and loss of trade, is the sincere abhorance of what Germany did and is doing to Belgium, and this abhorence is general throughout the United States. Letters like the following, sent out by the Belgian Food Relief Committee of Chicago, are bringing the cause of the Allies closest home to the American heart:

"We appeal to *you* individually. The loss of life in this war is appalling. But more pathetic is the thought of women and children slowly dying of starvation. No bugles or banners or leaders to inspire them! And yet more heart-breaking still is the thought of mothers watching their children starve. This will happen in Belgium unless you and we help—our Ambas-

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sador cables—by the 'tens of thousands.'

"It is estimated that $5 per month will keep from starvation a woman or a child. You are well-to-do and have luxuries. A little, a very little, will save $5 a month. You are probably doing much already, but please *add* this. Would you not feel more comfortable to know that you are saving from starvation by some little economy on your part a woman or a child through the next six months? By then warm weather will have come and perhaps, please God, peace.

"If this, our appeal for the innocent and starving women and children of Belgium moves you, please sign the enclosed postal. We cannot stop this war, but each of us *can* help to stop this added horror." And then this postscript: "Remember, Europe sent $880,000 to Chicago immediately after our Great Fire. Let us not forget."

Similar appeals, I discovered, are being made and responded to in almost every city and town throughout the nation. The "Buy a Barrel" of flour for Belgium movement spread like the top-spinning craze among boys. You have read in the papers of the "Christmas ship" sent by one of Uncle Sam's great newspapers. A large proportion of America's 100,000,000 people now feel that they have a personal interest in the brave little nation whose geographical location in the path of a faithless neighbor was the sole cause of its misfortune. Because of the tragedy of Belgium the women in most of the big cities in the United States this Christmas refused to purchase "made in Germany" toys. Even in case of early peace—which America expects—it will be many, many years before Uncle Sam begins to buy any large amount of supplies again from the "Fatherland."

We must realize that the United States put the "yell" in yellow journalism. Occasionally a Hearst takes a jab at Britannia—and even Canada—whenever he thinks sensational news must needs be manufactured. And there are some American publications obviously subsidized by the Germans—which we should boycott. But do not for a moment think that these represent public opinion over there. A trip across the line will convince you, as it did me.

When Lord Roberts died at the front the editorial page of almost every American paper carried a stirring eulogy on his heroic character. When Turkey entered the war it meant that a stronger bond of friendship between the United States and England had been riveted. After the Canadian Contingent sailed for England, Americans watched eagerly for news of its arrival. They felt then as if they were personally represented in the war.

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this new sauce from England is simply delicious and such a welcome change to the old-fashioned kinds of sauces.

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The many millions that are annually used constitute the best testimonial in their favor, they are guaranteed by the proprietor to be absolutely free from opium.
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OF ALL CHEMISTS AND DRUG STORES
MANUFACTORY: 100 NEW NORTH ROAD LONDON, ENG. AND

It was in an American restaurant. The man sitting at the counter beside me was evidently as much interested in his newspaper as in his food. After a time he turned to me in delightful comraderie and said, with a pleased grin:

"I see our Canadian friends made a hit with Kitchener. I'll bet the Germans will find that the boys from over side of the water are *some* fighters."

You see now why I have come back to Canada feeling that I have been among *our* kind of people,—that there is no such animal as a boundary line

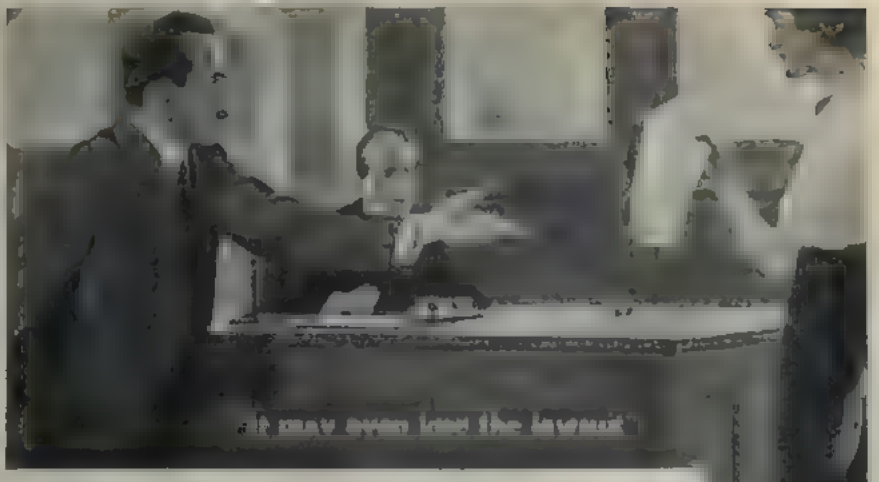
know that when 'our boys" do themves proud, the people of the United tates will share our gratification. ruly the Kaiser made no greater lunder than when he thought that the nited States would give Germany its pport and would immediately invade anada and endeavor to annex it. quote again from the *Saturday ening Post:* "For four thousand iles on the north a mere chalk line parates us from the British Empire. obody on either side of the line is asy about that. Years of fair ling, mutual respect, courtesy and od will will make infinitely stronger tences than if we had all the Kaiser's ldiers or all the King's ships."

And then from *Collier's:* "As the ar rages on and we find ourselves nched by it, we can and do thank od for good neighbors. Sometimes Clark says something that makes us ush for him; but the nice thing about anadians is, they understand what a ose tongue is and pay very little tention to it. A good deal used to e said about annexing Canada, and owadays every once in a while a man mes back from there so full of admiraon that he wants to annex the United ates to Canada instanter; but most us feel—and we sincerely hope that anada can share the feeling—that st being neighbors is the best thing r both of us. . . It is really a autiful thing to think of, this warrn winter, that we have never had a nous difference about our common operty. This is a good time to vow at we never will. Our Lady of the ows is not so cold as her title might d one to think. She is distinctly r sort—and we hope she won't mind r saying so"

Let me add for the last time that nada and the United States are very ch alike. If Canada were not in e British Empire, it is probable that would be neutral, the same as the nited States is neutral. In the Civil ar Canada was neutral, but our ncial neutrality did not keep thouds of us from enlisting to preserve e Union. And after five decades of endship and interlocking business ations, is it surprising that Majoreneral Hughes has had thousands of plications from American citizens desire to join our army for service oad?

Canada and the United States both lieve with Asquith that this war will ine whether the world is to be verned by citizens or soldiers." ery principle of life in both countries directly opposed to militarism. The ited States knows war. It was erman who gave it its fitting name d while it is a nation that loves ace and seeks the blessings that low in its train, the United States is coming to realize more and more every day that the defeat of the Allies would mean permanent peace forever lost. Therefore it is my firm opinion that before Uncle Sam would see Germany triumph, he would climb down from the neutral fence, roll up his sleeves, and fight shoulder to shoulder with his Canadian cousin to *help make the Kaiser plain Mr. Hohenzollern*

Will Emperor William II Rex sign his name hereafter as William Wrecks?



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The Live Coward

Continued from page 158

against Bob's sturdy obtuse head with more freedom of tongue and less fear of gibe (for Bob had learned to listen with a lazy respect and had framed a number of little phrases which, interjected patly at proper intervals, enabled him to seem to listen without undue effort of intellect)

"You got a head on you like a tack, boy." Bob would say (meaning of

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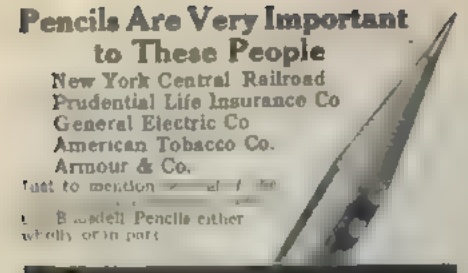

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Save [illegible] on your Diamonds [illegible] Watches Diamond [illegible] Terms [illegible] per cent down $1 2-3 weekly We [illegible] city advantage in price and quality

Write To-day for Catalogue, it is Free

We send Diamonds [illegible] Canada for inspection at our expense Payments may be made weekly or monthly. We allow a special discount of 10 per cent. for cash.

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course the opposite) as, keeping an attitude of listening, he whistled soft airs, felt of the flaxen growth on that upper lip, or whittled a stick, during the Dawny dialogues which pre-empted their leisure time.

It was a memorable conversation—singular too for being less a monologue than a dialogue—which Dawney and Bob had several days after the Fiery Cross flared into Oakburn. Bob, on pins and needles to enlist, had sought Dawney on a Sunday morning and the two had repaired to the sunny lee of a new-built haystack

"Well," said Bob, as he lit the pipe of cogitation and carefully killed the match under the heel of his harvest-boot, "what say,—eh, Dawney? We're both husky critters, y'know, an' they'd take us in a minute?"

"Bob," admitted Dawney, a little sheepishly, rubbing his hand up and down the side of his face, "I don't want to go. What's the use of a war, anyway?"

"Don't want to go!" Bob took his pipe out of his mouth, and stared. "Don't want to go, Dawson? I didn't surely hear you right! Say that again."

"You heard me right the first time," observed Dawney, his fingers wandering tenderly, of their own volition, toward the region where his belt-plate would have been if instead of being loosely habited in smock and overalls he had been snugly encased in the King's uniform. "What's the use of a fellow going to this war, and gettin' killed—or all crippled up, so's that he dies afterwards?"

"Why, we'd be fightin'—we'd see the world. We'd come back heroes, Dawson! What's come over you anyway? You ust to talk to me about nothin' else but that there Napoleon all day long. Don't you want to be like him no more?"

"How," Dawney enquired, for reply, "would you like to get a bullet under your belt? It wouldn't feel very nice, eh—would it? All for nothin', too. That's war."

"Yes, but we ain't all goin' to get shot, Dawson. Look at that George Pearce. All through the Boer war, and ain't got a scratch to show for it!"

"Yes, but that don't say you would get off that easy," Dawney said, turning half around. "You might get shot in your first battle,—not dead, but through the stomach, or somewhere like that. Then what?"

Bob put his pipe in his pocket, got up with immense scorn, and pulled down his coat-tail.

"Then you're scared to go?" he demanded.

"Well, it ain't that, so much," said Dawney, a little redly; adding equivocally, "you know how Pah's rheumatism cripples him up every fall. I'm more use at home here than goin' fightin'. They'll never miss me over there."

"Your Dad's rheumatism ought to make you ashamed o' yourself for goin,'" retorted Bob. "You know how he got the start of it. Sleepin' on the damp ground while he was away with them volunteers in '85. He wasn't like you."

Dawney writhed under this thrust. He knew that his father, rheumatism

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No roofing "tests" can give you that
Your dealer can furnish Certain-teed Roofing in rolls and shingles
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largest roofing manufacturers
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and all, was only held by his years from Valcartier Camp.

"I bet you ain't talked to him the way you're talkin' now," continued Bob "If you did, he'd kick you out o' doors an' make you go. You know your Dad ain't no coward."

Dawney took dogged refuge in an old saying. "I'd rather," he said slowly, "be a live coward than a dead hero, Bob Halliday."

"Well, if that's how you feel about it," Bob's voice was level and full of contempt, "I ain't got no more to say to you. I bid you good-day!"

So Bob went away to the training camp. Two other heady young patriots from Oakburn went with him. The village escorted them to the station with a brass band; and the Oakburn publicity commissioner, to whose intense initiative he owed his appointment to a position that another might easily have made a sinecure, turned up excitedly at the last moment with a clipping which he read to the three heroes from a soap-box on the station platform.

"There you are, boys," he concluded, inflamingly, in the midst of a hurricane of anti-German howls, "that's what they'll do, if they ever get into Canaday here."

Dawney, sitting apart from the crowd on a truck before the door of the little freight-shed, felt ostracized and humbled to the dust; although as a matter of fact no one noticed him either favorably or unfavorably. His heart warmed transiently as Bob, who had not spoken to him since that Sunday, thrust a glowing face out of the car-window as it passed the point where Dawney sat, and yelled above the turmoil: "So-long, Dawson! See you after the war!"—but it was with loneliness and doubt knocking at his heart that he later turned his team into the long and starlit homeward trail.

Ten miles divided the Jenkins farm and Oakburn; and they were ten racking miles to Dawson. He turned over all his past (as one might take out an old copy-book and look in it for blots); and was half-comforted, although a little puzzled, to find himself unable to recall any incident that had proved definitely he was a coward. Was it cowardly to shrink from pain? Was a hero a person who could anticipate pain without that chilly sensation at the temples and that electrical thrill creeping upward from the soles of the feet that had followed Dawney's reading of the passage from Kipling? Or was a hero merely a man who grew automatically intoxicated in the face of a threat (got "fighting mad" all at once was the guise this idea took, in the language of Dawney's thoughts) and hence had no time to weigh possible eventualities?

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Dawney reached home without having decided whether he was a coward or not—and the question was quite chased out of his mind, for the time being anyway, in the mad ride he had immediately to take back again to town for the doctor. His father had had a "stroke," and had been unconscious for over an hour.

In the mournful and grave responsibility which devolved upon Dawney with the death two days later of the work-worn head of the Jenkins household, he had little time for study or introspection.

He was so busy that he even forgot to be concerned as to whether he was or was not a hero. He was so busy that he almost forgot there was a war and that he had turned down perhaps the finest chance he would ever have to get his name in the Oakburn paper. For it was harvest-time in Wheat-Land—the wonderful golden harvest-time; and the wind of the war, with its vast ill in other directions, blew

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You need not despair of having a lovely complexion like that of your friend's. The daily use of "LA-ROLA" will give beauty to your skin and attractiveness to your complexion. "LA-ROLA" is a high grade cream used by women and men. Very soothing. Has a delicate perfume and is absolutely greaseless. Protects the skin from the ravages of wind and frost, keeping it soft and velvety. After a shave it soothes and refreshes the irritated skin.

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That will develop into a good position if you are not afraid to work. We want folks with good, rich blood, with determination, with happy dispositions and the "bound-to make-good-habit." A beginner ought to earn $20 a week and many of our representatives make double this amount. If you make good we won't let you go. If you want, clean, honest, healthy out-door work, write to-day. Address

AGENCY DEPT., CANADA MONTHLY, TORONTO, ONT

beneficently upon the farmer. Man does not live by bread alone; but without bread he would be in sore circumstance indeed. Moreover the agrarian, in the cereal Gibraltar of his garden and his grainfield, with his spick, clean dairy at hand and his fat fowls and hogs and cattle around, can snap his fingers at "financial stringency" and kindred evils of war. He has all the elements in the dietary right on his own land and in his own barnyard, and is sure of a table well-spread whether his credit at the village grocery store is "good" or otherwise.

So, although Dawney as head of the family and heir to the Jenkins assets and liabilities was not long in learning that only the interest on the mortgage had been paid for several seasons, he did not commence worrying. He thrust his thumbs under his braces, looked across the splendid yellow acreage billowing away from the farmhouse door and saw many times the amount of the interest and the harvest wages of Jim Dover, the hired man, in the million spiked heads and awns that nodded under the auspicious August sky. The crop would pay the machinery notes and current debts: the cows, the potato-hills and the fat porkers would do the rest.

As Dawney, in the arduous days that followed, sat on his binder-seat, with the pitman-wheel roaring its iron tune and the grain-stalks falling on the table-canvas below, he found that he had not altogether lost his power to draw militant comparisons from homely things. Those stalwart stalks were sometimes to the whimsical eye of his visioning an invading host. His binder was a terrific engine of war, with which he laid them in swaths and bound them to await his pleasure. Many a day it was the old Napoleonic Dawney who flourished his whip, though half-amused at himself the while, and hummed with a vast destructiveness along the van of a countless army.

Meanwhile one Max Friesen, in his town office, divided his time between conning over certain fat bunches of interest-bearing documents, zoned with elastic, and reading with some chagrin but with a certain grim confidence at the back of it, the European war news (such as it was !) retailed in the daily newspapers. There were three stages to Herr Friesen's treatment of a Canadian newspaper: First, a fierce perusal, during which he turned the pages so vengefully that when he finished the sheets were a torn and crumpled chaos; second, a cramming of the mass into the waste-paper basket and a jamming of it to the very bottom thereof with his heavy boot-heel; third, a plentiful expectoration on it of tobacco-juice. These observ-

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Motoring is two things—a pleasure and a business. One might say it was used sixty per cent. for entertainment and forty per cent. for commercial purposes. Yet no matter whether you use your car to get orders or ozone, your greatest economy will be the reduced cost of mishaps.
No accident ever befel an automobile but what the tires were forced to play a part in it. And no accident ever was averted but what the tires had a say in that, too.
If you will drive fast,
If you will make those sudden stops,
If the city will water asphalt,
If rain will make muddy roads;
Why then—the possibility of skidding will always be with you, unless you figure on those elements of danger when you buy your tires. When you think of how to avert danger in motoring you immediately think of . . . . . .
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SEAL OF QUALITY
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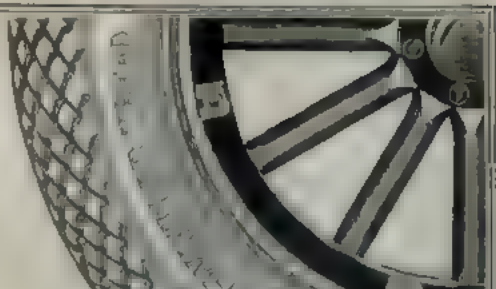
TRACTION

Every Tire Trouble



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Tire efficiency has become so pronounced a science, that men no longer have to buy on conjecture or guess. To-day, most users know what to seek in a tire. And those who are experiencing tire trouble are surely coming to Goodyears, the tires that have long won and held first place.

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Consistent quality has won for Goodyears. Where others must experiment and change at the expense of users, Goodyear tires continue to give utmost service through super-quality.

For Goodyears are well-balanced tires. Their quality and workmanship throughout are uniform. And the quality is always the same, whatever the size of the tire. Such master construction insures the tire economy and satisfaction that men have come to take for granted in Goodyears.

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Every rim-cut is bound to remind you that No-Rim-Cut tires avoid this.

Every blow-out should suggest that our "On-Air" cure ends a very frequent cause.

Every loose tread will urge reduction of this risk. In Goodyears—by a patent method—we reduce it by 60 per cent.

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Start now—when our All-Weather tread offers winter security such as no other tread can offer.

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With All-Weather Treads or Smooth

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THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED

Head Office, Toronto, Ontario — Factory, Bowmanville, Ontario

ances over, he would reach a stron
hairy-backed paw toward the elastic
bound bundle of indentures, strip th
band off each in turn, and flick it ope
with a certain savage joy.

For it was a grave fact that most
those mortgages were signed with plai
British names, and that Herr Ma
Friesen, if he continued careful to pu
down his window-blinds and not attrac
attention by his anti-British paroxysm
held thus the incontestable legal whip
hand of many Britons. But nation
even those units of nations who preside
over institutions so prosaic as court
of civil law, are touchy and [illegible]
in war-time; and Herr Friesen knew
well that if it became necessary
appeal to the law for [illegible]
any of those loan cases, it would be
more discreet to come as a Britis
citizen seeking his rights than as
German citizen seeking gratification

So it was. God Save King George
with him by daylight and when
customers were calling; but in the
seclusion of his office, evenings when
his aboriginal bookkeeper and tem
grapher had gone for the day, it was
"Hoch der Kaiser;" and in his dream
and over his morning coffee, while
Canadian cocks crow in the fine Can
adian morning, it was so; and so more
less and unintermittently, until in
his Canadian office came a Canadian
man, with money or the security
therefor in his Canadian breeches
pocket. Then, and not till then, o
Herr Max Friesen again transfer his
allegiance grudgingly and temporarily
to King George of Britain. And, a
patriotism cannot be its real self when
exotic, and a patriot who can transplant his essential quality like a
bage is really no patriot at all, w
can blame Herr Max?

It maddened him, as his stout solid
body moved like a tractive tower along
the street, cleaving its steady heavy
way through the thickest crowd, to
hear these puny, feather-brained alien
about him declaim against the gre
Fatherland and even say saucy thing
about the Kaiser Himself; but Herr
Friesen would have been no Teuton
he had not been able to mask the grea
guns of his wrath and patiently bide
his time. Many of the signatories
those mortgages he held had been
improvidently satisfied for several sea
sons past to merely pay their interest
and let the principal "go." Usually
this is just what the holder of the
mortgage wants (for one does not nee
to lose sleep over delayed payment of
principal when the security is good
Canadian farm land); but Herr Frie
sen, who was a militarist and a kaiser
himself in all but opportunity, had
that in his veins which told him that
these blatant and unthrifty western
Canadians must be disciplined.

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In every other respect it is an extraordinary value.

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Rooms with Bath and Toilet - - - - - $2.50, $3.00, $3.50, $4.00 per day

galled him that he must go softly and tactfully about this disciplining, when he reached the stage of invoking the law; but the attainment of his purpose was, after all, the main thing,—not the manner of the attainment There was more about him of Prince Bismarck than of Wilhelm II.

But, though he must keep up this farce of Canadian citizenship and all legiance to avoid the handicap of judicial prejudice, he could at least take to himself the satisfaction of being his own collector. In his own "blood and iron" presence, and under the imperious fire of his own ruthless Teutonic eye, would these farmers face the alternative of full back payments or immediate foreclosure.

So, in the apt season of stubble and winnowing, Herr Friesen installed his brother Peter in the swivel-chair by the desk of his town office and himself took a ticket, with stopover privileges at all points, to the yellow west.

It takes an old farmer, with years of experience, to estimate the return from a standing crop; and Dawney, although the season's yield was fairly good, found out on casting up the proceeds of his grain-checks that, when his cash was distributed fairly over current debts, it would leave for his mortgage payment so little above the amount of the interest, that his most convenient plan would be to let the principal "go" again this season, as his father had been in the habit of doing, and merely pay the interest Then, next year, he would break some more land on the pre-emption, put in a larger crop, and forthwith start wiping off the Jenkins land debt. So he and his mother sat up late one night, hammering out a sagacious little note to accompany his money order in favor of the Friesen Loan and Mortgage Company. They finished it just on the stroke of midnight, copied it out neatly on a fresh sheet of notepaper, sealed up the letter, and placed it behind the clock, ready for Jim Dover to take with him and mail when he drove to Oakburn with the ploughshare next morning

Buggy-wheels on a country trail where the dust lies thick, travel with a sound infinitely soft; and the footfall of a horse on that soft gray dust-cushion is no more to be heard than the impact of water-drops on wool. So Dawney came out of the Jenkins stable next day before breakfast, having groomed and harnessed his team ready for the morning's work, without having received any auditory hint of the approach of the Oakburn livery rig which he now saw standing outside the farmhouse door. "Steady" Cornwall, the sheik of Cornwall's Livery, occupied the rain-washed leather cushion under the buggy-top.

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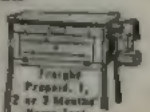

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"'Day, Steady," said Dawney, as he slapped the nigh horse sociably on the belly and stopped for the little chat without which two never pass in Wheat-Land. "Out o' bed early this morning, éh? What's th' excitement?"

Dawney looked mature and responsible, now that he was the head and mainstay of the Jenkins household. He had broadened out, too, during that summer season, and was as well-set-up a young Canadian as one might see thereabout.

"What's up?" he said again.

"Invasion of the Germans," said "Steady," shutting one eye. "The Kaiser's got me hired for all of today."

"Aw, talk sense," invited Dawney.

"Well, that's right," said "Steady," reaching into his pocket for tobacco and blowing his old quid down into the ragweed between the buggy-wheels. "He's makin' a trip with me around this district. He ain't said much; but from some questions he ast me, I figure he's goin' to make yous fellows rustle some money for Germany's war debt."

"I got to be goin', Steady, I guess," said Dawney, dryly; "you make me hungry." He took his foot off the hub and went leisurely on to the house. The door stood partially open; and as Dawney crossed the chip-pile, he pricked up his ears at a voice coming thereout—a voice that grated and rumbled by turns, like a howitzer drawn over harsh ground.

There is in the Old World (not alone in much-decried Germany, but in just and equitable old Britain itself) a less exaggerated sense of the importance of womankind than appears common in North America. It is therefore to be conceded that Herr Friesen, in presenting the mortgage situation somewhat strongly and rudely to Dawney's mother, was not to his own knowledge doing anything much out of the ordinary. Besides, most western women have as a matter of fact been a little spoiled by over-consideration and are apt to be somewhat short with the collector who is only after his just dues; and there is no denying that Mrs. Jenkins had received Herr Friesen's cold but moderate first advances with a highly untactful sharpness and loftiness. She was a little, quick-moving, hard-working, brown-eyed woman, with a wonderful tongue.

Herr Max Friesen had a heavy still face, of an excellent ruddiness at the cheek-bones, and two eyes that looked out unwinkingly and filled with a slow fire as he talked. His back and shoulders from the door looked elephantine, and the snap of his finger-nail on the paper he held was like the crack of a whip. Mrs. Jenkins was

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standing back in a corner, with her two hands resting on her broom-handle, looking for all the world as though she were about to use it as a weapon.

The attitude of the two misled Dawney. Herr Friesen had merely approached close because it was an impressive German habit of his to stand immediately over and to frown down upon those whom he interviewed, for the sake of the autocratic effect it had; but to Dawney it appeared as though this big invader with the thunderous Teutonic growl had backed his mother into a corner and was actually preparing to strike her.

He crossed the room in two hops and flung his muscular young weight upon the intruder so zealously and unexpectedly that Herr Friesen, big as he was, toppled and fell backward into a most undignified sitting position on the floor.

"Now," said Dawney, standing over him with sparkling eyes and fists hard-clenched, "what d'you mean by it, eh? What d'you mean by squarin' up to my mother like that? Who are you, anyway?"

Herr Friesen climbed to his feet, dusted himself off slowly, and stared at Dawney with his pupils contracted to little glittering points of wrathful interrogation. He made a threatening step forward. Dawney, all in a pugnacious glow, raised his guard and oscillated his right fist eagerly, choosing a point to strike. But suddenly Herr Freisen drew himself up and laughed,—a great earthquake of a guffaw that shook the plates on the shelf.

"So," he said presently, pulling his face into gravity with an effort, "you declare war on Germany. Ho! ho! ho!"

"I give you one minute to get out o' here," jerked out Dawney, "You needn't to think you're goin' to come bullyin' my mother, an' then make a joke out of it. No sirree!"

"All the same," returned Herr Max, imperturably, "it is a joke, mein boy. It is one big joke. I was not about to hit the little mother."

"No, no," said Mrs. Jenkins, laying her hand on the arm of the excited Dawney, "he was just talking about the mortgage. He says he wants his money."

Dawney's fists unclenched and fell by slow stages to his sides. "Are you the man that holds the mortgage on our place?" he enquired, a little diffidently.

Herr Friesen bowed, coldly and gravely, but with a certain twinkle in his eyes.

"Well, I—well, we—," Dawney began, haltingly, "we was only figurin' on the— the interest, like—"

"And supposing," Herr Max interrupted, suddenly, "I ask for one thou-

sand dollars, at once. It is my right. Shall I not then get it, boy ?"

Dawney rubbed his head. "I guess we could hustle it for you," he said slowly, "but it would pinch us quite a bit, as things is."

Herr Friesen, who seemed to be a man of quick, startling movements and queries, stepped forward with one sweeping stride, and stood over Dawney, his brows gathered in a kaiser-like frown.

"Look !" he said, measuring Dawney's shoulders with his hands and then placing his palms back against his own great shoulder-muscles, "I am wider than you, two span almost. I am higher than you, five inches. Yet you come upon me—from the back, so that I do not see you—and you pull me, a gentleman of Germany, from my feet on the floor down. What shall I say to that ?"

"Well," said Dawney, apologetically, "I thought you was goin' to hurt my mother."

"Nevertheless," said Herr Friesen, stripping off his coat with a deliberate movement, and turning back his shirt-cuffs from two great hairy wrists scarred with old fencing-wounds, "for what you have done, I shall now satisfaction demand. You shall have your wish, stripling. You shall now fight me—in the British way, with the shut hands !"

Dawney's first sensation at this challenge made him stare and swallow. Then it was as if one-half of him stood away, watching the other half as anxiously as ever Spartan father watched Spartan son before a first battle. Would his heart—now that the sustaining filial impulse was gone—turn to water, and his knees knock together ? Would he waver before this Goliath ? True, he had "squared up" to him before; but it is far, far easier to give a challenge than to accept one. Would he falter ? Was he a coward ?

For a moment, he had no reassuring sensation; and the sweat of apprehension broke out in small beads on Dawney's brow.

Then — then, with a joyful thrill and tingling in all his limbs; with a bracing warmth that, kindling in his heart like a coal fanned into flame, spread over him in swift glad radiation, till his cheeks glowed and his pulse raced and his brain swam in a kind of hot ether—Dawney Jenkins, dreamer and peace-lover, but child of a race of warriors and patriots, felt the spirit of intrepidity get upon its feet and dance within him.

"Yes !" he cried, with his cheeks reddening and his eyes sparkling, "I'll fight—an' I'll give you what's comin' to you, too !" He tore off his smock, whacked it down on the tool-chest, and turned to face the big German with his fists ready.

But Herrr Friesen did not advance upon him. The imperial frown, after a struggle, gave place to the smile it had been the means of concealing. Herr Max, with another of his brisk movements, turned to the table, drew an oblong document from the pocket of his coat, glanced at it, and thrust it into Dawney's hands.

"There, take it," he said, his voice sunken to the deep bass that goes most appropriately with an exhibition of magnanimity. "You the tongue of these contemptible British speak; but you have the spirit of a man withal. You take off your coat to fight with me; and, Donner und Blitzen, I could eat you !"

"Like hell you could," Dawney blurted, still glowing.

"Well," said Herr Friesen, clapping the boy on the back with a thunderbolt palm, "we will, as you would say, 'let it go at that.' I your mortgage

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You can make it what you would love to have it by using the following treatment *regularly.*

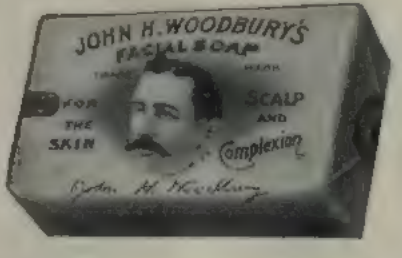
Make this treatment a daily habit

Just before retiring, work up a warm water lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the skin gently until the skin is softened, the pores opened and the face feels fresh and clean. Rinse in cooler water, then apply cold water—the colder the better—for a full minute. Whenever possible, rub your face for a few minutes with a piece of ice. Always dry the skin thoroughly.

Use this treatment persistently for ten days or two weeks and your skin will show a marked improvement. Use Woodbury's regularly thereafter, and before long your skin will take on that finer texture, that greater freshness and clearness of "a skin you love to touch."

Woodbury's Facial Soap is the work of a skin specialist. It cost 25c a cake. No one hesitates at the price after their first cake. Tear out the illustration of the cake below and put it in your purse as a reminder to get Woodbury's today.

Woodbury's Facial Soap

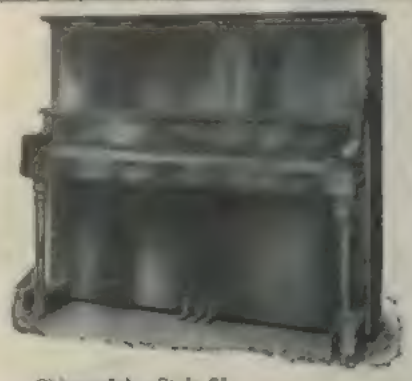


For sale by Canadian druggists from coast to coast, including Newfoundland.

Write today to the Canadian Woodbury Factory for samples

For 4c we will send a sample cake. For 10c, samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder. For 50c, copy of the Woodbury Book and samples of the Woodbury Preparations.

Address **The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd.,** *Dept. 111-X Perth, Ontario.*



Chippendale—Style 75.

Would You Refuse A Present of $100?

Of course, nobody in their right mind would refuse a present like that!

Well, that's just what we are doing—making you a present of $100—when we sell you a

SHERLOCK-MANNING
20th Century Piano

This instrument with every known feature of betterment and several exclusive improvements of our own, is sold to you straight from the factory. We hand you all the profits of the several middlemen who usually come between factory and buyer, and guarantee to save you fully a hundred dollars on your purchase. Surely you won't refuse to accept this present of $100.

We claim, and are ready to prove that the **Sherlock-Manning** is

"Canada's Biggest Piano Value"

and every piano shipped from our factory carries a broad ten-year guarantee.

For full particulars and handsome art catalogue D, write Dept. 11.

The Sherlock-Manning Piano Co.
London, Canada
(No Street Address Necessary)

Drewry's
American Style Rice Beer

"No ONE bottle better than the rest —EVERY bottle Better than the Best."

A Light Beer of Delicious Flavor

Sold by all Dealers

E. L. DREWRY, Ltd., Winnipeg

give back to you, see—the token of a gentleman of Germany."

Dawney's feelings, as Herr Friesen turned apruptly on his heel and left him with the indenture comfortably enclasped in his right palm, were beyond analysis. The big German stopped, with his toe on the iron step of the livery rig, and turning, caught again the eye of the Canadian boy. His big hand, the fingers held as though grasping the spindle of a goblet, shot suggestively above his head.

"Hock der Kaiser!" he roared, his eyes twinkling.

"Not by a dam' sight," shouted Dawney, grinning back, "God save King George!"

The rig drove away. Dawney's mother took the envelope, broke it open eagerly, and scanned the stiff double sheet.

"That's it, sonny," she cried, "that's it! Here's your Pa's name on it, see. Well, he's a German; but it's a poor country where they can't raise some good ones, isn't it? Just think of the place clear at last! I wish your poor father was here to see this!"

But Dawney, still standing half-dizzily on the step, hardly even heard his mother's exclamations. His thoughts were far from mortgages. No Cortez, silent upon a peak in Darien ever stood in a balmier atmosphere of rapture than Dawson Jenkins; as, with the rattle of the Friesen equipage dying away in his ears and that delicious intrepid tingle still busking him, singing to him like matial music, he stood, pressing against his mental palate the orange of the discovery he had made—that he was alive, unenlisted, and yet not a coward. Had he not declared war upon Germany, and won—without striking a blow. Was he not, now and consciously, possessed by a feeling under the sustenance of which he could have grinned, with a dozen bullets in his spleen!

A theatrical advance agent, forced to lay over at a small junction point, was talking with the landlord of the village inn. "Do you ever have any shows here?" he asked.

"Wal—I reckon we do!" said the landlord. "Some of the best shows from New York play here."

"Is that so?" said the agent. "What was the last one that played this town?"

"I don't rightly remember the name," returned the hotel man; "but my wife, she knows. I'll call and ask her."

Going to the foot of the stairs, he called loudly:

"Marthy—Marthy—look in that back room and tell me the names on them there trunks!"

When Your Hair Begins to Fall

Cuticura Soap Shampoos

Preceded by light applications of Cuticura Ointment to the scalp skin are most effective. They tend to remove dandruff and promote a hair-growing condition.

Samples Free by Mail

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 32-p. book. Address "Cuticura," Dept. 133, Boston.

A message to every Skin Sufferer

All skin troubles, from slight ones like chilblains and face spots, to severe cases of eczema, rashes, bad legs and hands, are cured by ANTEXEMA. It stops irritation instantly, and a permanent cure quickly follows. ANTEXEMA is a cooling, non-poisonous, creamy liquid, cleanly to use and scarcely visible on the skin. Give up useless, messy ointments. No bandages required with ANTEXEMA, which has 30 years' reputation in Great Britain, and always succeeds. Get it to-day. Of all druggists in Canada. Prices in Britain 1/1½ and 2/9

Wholesale from Antexema Co., Castle Laboratory [London, N.W. (Eng.)

"Antexema"
CURES EVERY SKIN ILLNESS